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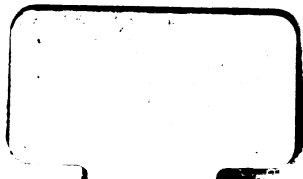
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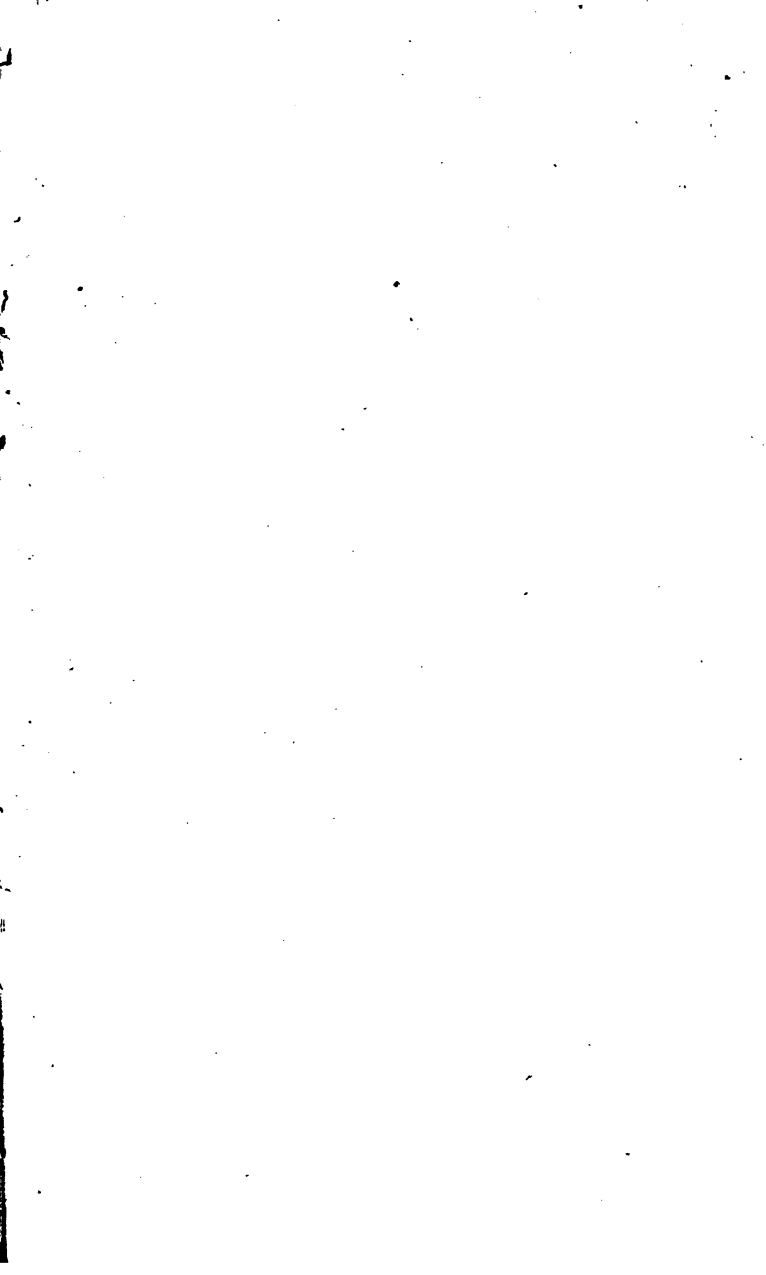
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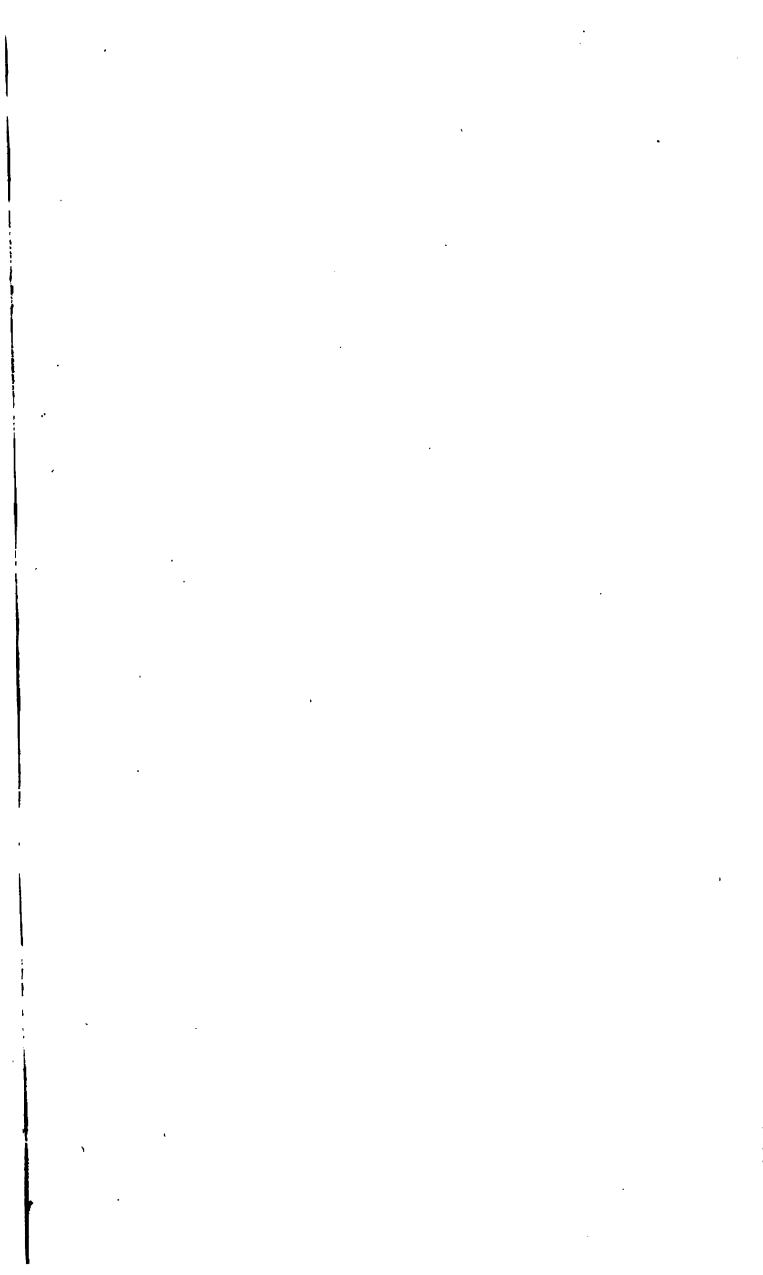
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THE
DOMESTIC HEARTH,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
ISABELLA CAULTON.

SECOND EDITION.

"That Great Altar, where the worst amongst us sometimes perform the worship of the heart, and where the best have offered up such sacrifices, and done such deeds of heroism, as, chronicled, would put the proudest temples of Old Time, with all their vaunting annals, to the blush."

CHARLES DICKENS.

MANCHESTER:
BRADSHAW AND BLACKLOCK, BROWN STREET; AND
FLEET STREET, LONDON,
1844.

LOAN STACK

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TO

MRS. HUDSON

HARVERBRACK, WESTMORELAND.

MY DEAR MRS. HUDSON,

IT is with feelings of unmixed satisfaction that I avail myself of your kind permission to dedicate to you my metrical essays. Indeed, to whom could they be more appropriately devoted, than to one under whose roof the greater number of them weré composed, and who has ever, in her own life, illustrated the beauty of the subject on which the chief of them treat? As an earnest tribute of esteem, an offering of sincere affection, I intreat you to receive my humble volume.

A few words regarding the Poems themselves may not be here misplaced. My aim has been to represent, though in a detached form, the influence, the importance, of a Religious Home,—of a holy and happy Hearth,—

of woman's sway in its best and purest sense,—of the love, the duties, the mutual delight, that should unite the members of one family, the little band that God himself has knit together. The consequences of such a "Domestic Hearth" I have endeavoured to shew in the "Departure of the Missionary," "Ernest," and others; how far I have succeeded must be left for my readers to decide.

"Many of the "Miscellaneous Poems," and nearly all the "Poetical Emblems," have already been published, and, though conscious of their imperfections, it is altogether with more of hope than of fear that I send forth my volume; as, while from its want of pretension, it may escape the notice of the critic, I feel that at least it holds forth no false light to allure, no evil principle to mislead.

I remain, my dear Mrs. Hudson,

Your affectionate

ISABELLA CAULTON.

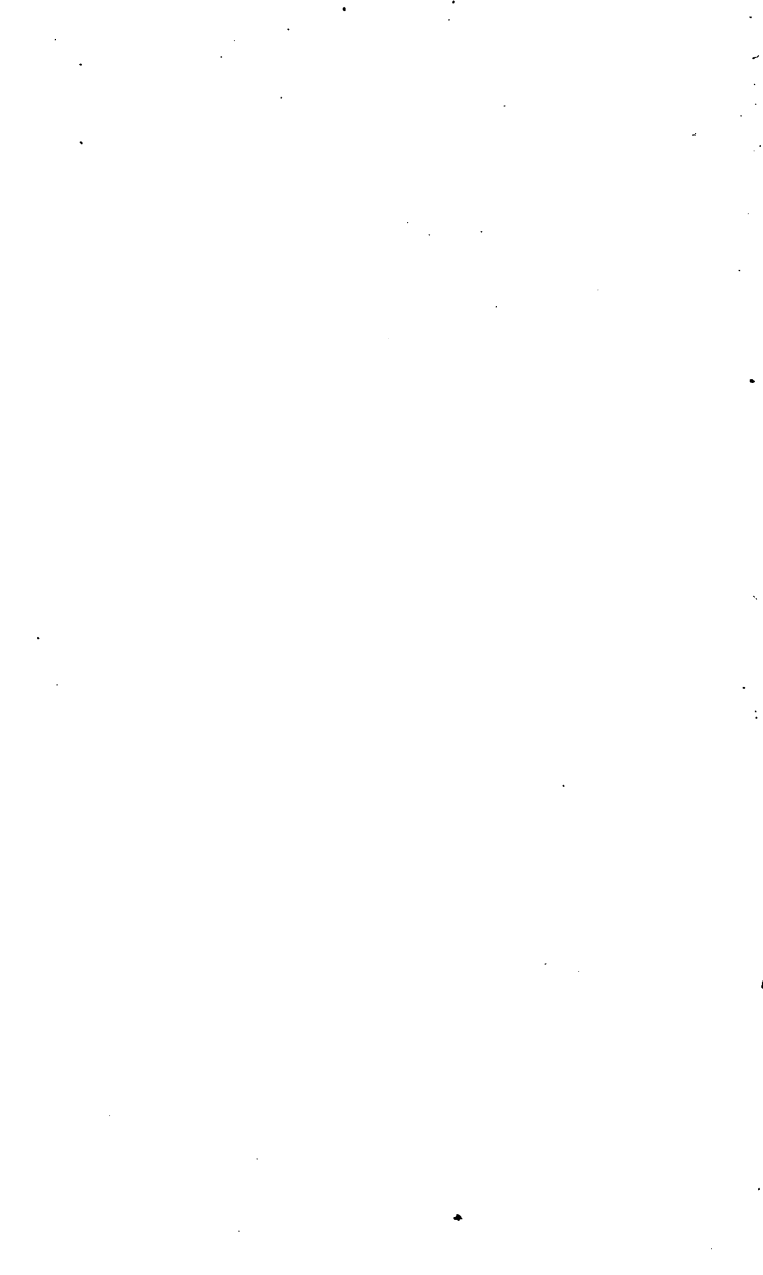
MANCHESTER,
September 27th, 1843.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN again presenting her little volume to the notice of the Public, the Author cannot but express her acknowledgment of the kind reception the work received on its first appearance. She ventures to hope the present corrected edition may be equally fortunate, and the additional Poems it contains, meet with the same kind consideration as their companions have already done.

MANCHESTER,

September 28th, 1844.



CONTENTS.

THE DOMESTIC HEARTH.	PAGE.
INTRODUCTORY STANZAS	1
DEPARTURE OF THE MISSIONARY	3
THE FATHERLESS	7
A SKETCH	10
THE EVENING INVITATION	13
BIRTHDAY LINES	16
ERNEST	19
THE OLD HOUSE	2
A DEATH SCENE.. .. .	28
I BLESS THEE AS THOU SLEEPEST	31
THE OLD HOME	33
A MOONLIGHT WALK	36
A LAY OF DEPARTURE	40
THE CHILD'S PRAYER	43
TO CHRISTMAS	46
HOUSEHOLD CALL AND HYMN	48
TO MY WESTMORELAND HOME	51

POETICAL EMBLEMS.

PURITY	57
A SORROWFUL REMEMBRANCE	59
HUMILITY	61
GOOD HUMOUR	63
SANCTITY	66
GLORY	68
IMMORTALITY	71
TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY	73
WILD FLOWERS	75
THE FADED NOSEGAY	77
INTRODUCTORY STANZAS FOR MY SISTER'S ALBUM OF	
TREES AND FLOWERS	79

FRAGMENTS.

MEMORY	83
OUTLINES OF A LIFE	89
THE PARTING	95
THE HIDDEN FOUNTAIN	97
THE CONVICT	100

MISCELLANEOUS.

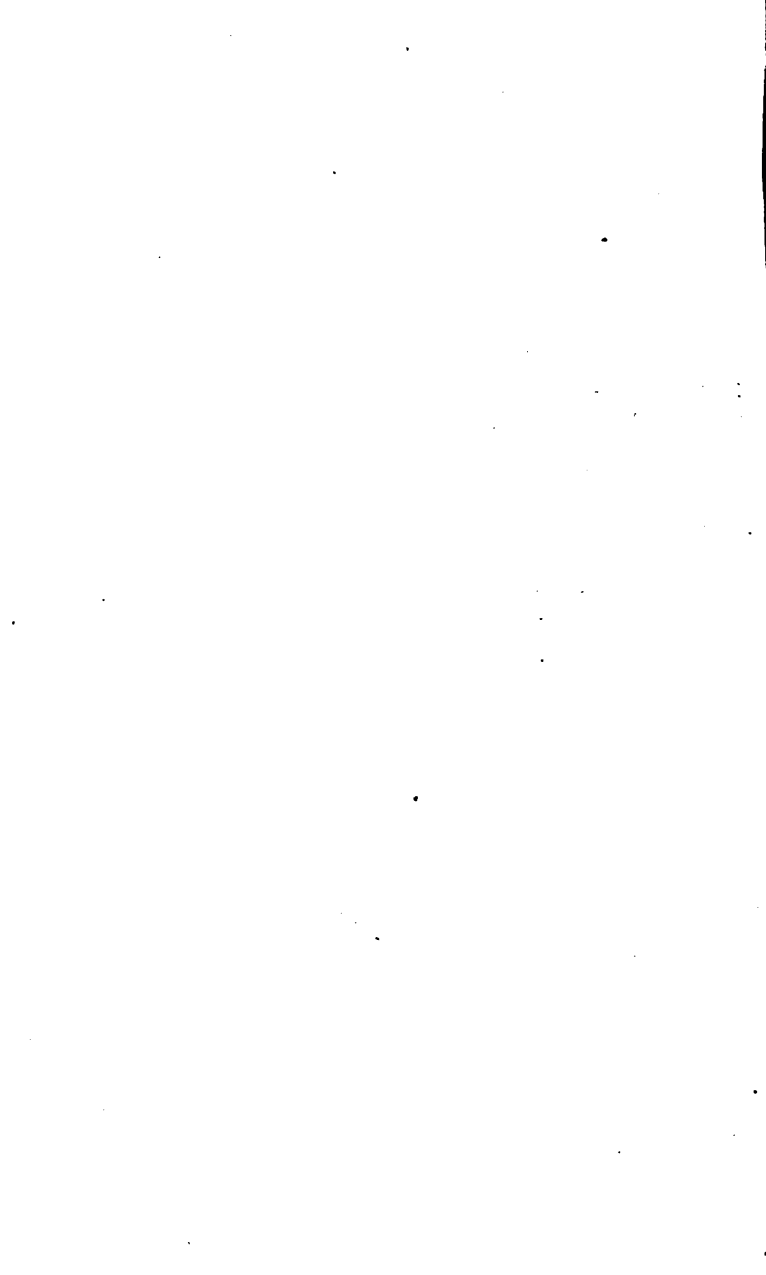
THE LOVER OF NATURE'S FAREWELL	107
LINES, WRITTEN ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT	110
A SONG OF FAREWELL.. .. .	112
THE WARRIOR'S FUNERAL	114
THE STRANGER'S GRAVE	116
THE CONQUEROR'S BURIAL	118
A DREAM	121
TREES.. .. .	126

MISCELLANEOUS.

LINES, WRITTEN AFTER VISITING AN INFANT SCHOOL	129
SONG OF THE ADOPTED	131
ON A LOCK OF HAIR, ON THE ENVELOPE OF WHICH WAS WRITTEN "YOUR MOTHER'S HAIR." ..	133
OH! BRING ME NOT TO COURTLY HALLS	137
A PAINTED GROUP OF RED AND WHITE ROSES ..	139
LINES, SUGGESTED FROM A SCENE IN THE CONCLUDING VOL. OF "THE WATER WITCH"	141
REMEMBER ME	144
THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES	146
SONG	148
COME TO ME.. .. .	149
THE LABOURER'S EVENING SONG	151
A CRADLE SONG	152
WATER—AIR—EARTH	154
STANZAS	158
I SAW HIM PRAY	160
A DREAM OF HOME	162
COMMUNINGS	164
THE MOTHER TO HER FIRST BORN	169
SHADOWS	172
SONG	174

SACRED PIECES.

MISERERE.. .. .	177
INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT	179
NOTES	183



POEMS.

THE DOMESTIC HEARTH.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

The Domestic Hearth! oh love it well;
What its light hath wrought, oh who can tell?
How it hath soothed, by Memory's thought,
How it hath saved, by the truths it taught,
How its spirit-remembered tone
Hath spoken peace to the stricken one!

Thy father's hearth! oh forget it not,
Though rich and great be thy after-lot;
Whate'er the world may have brought thee new,
It hath given no love more pure or true,
Nor are its riches or loftier ties
Aught to equal thy home's sweet sympathies.

Thy childhood's hearth! what happy play,
What love outpoured on thy daily way,
Its annals give;—thy mother there
Sat with her meekly-braided hair,
And watched untired; thy father smiled,
And shared the noise of thy gambols wild;
And there thy sisters' maiden glee
Heightened the household harmony.

Thine English hearth! thy first sweet home!
Oh never let this world's shadow come,
To chill the warmth it could once impart
To the budding hopes of thy youthful heart:
And when thou prayest on bended knee
Remember, that hearth first taught to thee,
The glory of Heaven's eternity!

THE DEPARTURE OF THE MISSIONARY.

He went forth
In his Saviour's strength, to spread his truth
'Mong heathen isles: yet when the moment came
That he must leave his English home, and all
Familiar things, the strong man bowed
Within him.

"I leave ye, fond and dear ones, leave ye now,
And well indeed, this parting hour may bow
My soul in bitter anguish; I ne'er knew
The love I bore ye, never felt how true
Your constancy hath been; beloved ones! tell,
May not tears mingle with a last farewell?

"Father, once, once again I bend the knee,
As when a child before thee; let there be
A blessing in thine own familiar words
For him who leaves thee! strike again, the chords
Where memory dwells; speak, as in mornings past,
A benison upon me; 'tis the last."

The old man rose in a parent's might,
And he laid his trembling hand
On the youth who there before him bent,
Ere he sailed for a foreign strand ;
His voice grew firm as the words flowed on,
And thus that father blessed his son :—

“ I bid thee God speed, in His holy name
Who for our sakes suffered reproach and shame ;
I bid thee go, as to battle-field,
With the Spirit's sword, and the Spirit's shield ;
The cross is thy banner,—thy captain, the Lord,
Desert not his service, obey thou his Word ;—
Be faithful to death in the Christian strife,
And thy God shall give thee a crown of life.”
Then held he the youth in a last embrace,
And hid on his bosom, his aged face.

“ Mother ! thou hast not forgotten the days,
When at morning time and even,
Thou taught thy lisping child the ways,
That lead to God and Heaven—
My mother, I go, among heathen, to raise
The prayer of thanksgiving, the hymn of praise,—
I go to teach, what thou taught me well,
The faith of the land where my kindred dwell ;

'Tis a thorny path, and a perilous one,
Oh! mother, wilt thou not 'speed' thy son?"

Fast fell the mother's tears, his head she laid
Upon the breast, which pillow oft had made
For her beloved one; kissed again the brow,
She felt as tho' she ne'er had kissed till now;
Pressed to her own, that cheek so dear, so pale,
Then wept again a mother's bitter wail;
But it passed over and she bade him go
In tones as calm, as rippling water's flow.

"Go forth, my bright one! go in duty's path,
And point the refuge from Jehovah's wrath;
Let pious breathings from thy lips invite
Strangers to share the Spirit's holy light:
Thy mother blesses thee, and prays that He
Would give thee of His own bright purity.

"Oh, Holy Saviour! look thou from above,
Send on thy servant here, thy heavenly love,
To thee I give him; be his guiding light,
His shield in peril, and his strength in fight,—
Comfort and soothe him, till his day is done;
God of the martyrs' army, guard my son!"

Two graves are in a green churchyard,
Beneath an English sky,
The blackbird warbles o'er the sod,
A riv'let murmurs by;—
In India's burning land is made
The Christian preacher's grave;
Yet, shall their spirits dwell with Him
Who mighty is to save.

THE FATHERLESS.

I stood again beside the hearth,
Where once my father smiled,
And though kind voices greeted me,
He welcomed not his child !
They took me to a grassy grave,
I saw the white tombstone,
And then I *knew* the tale was true,
That he indeed was gone !

Father ! I knelt not by thy side
When life was fading fast,
I dreamed not that the dart had sped,
That thou hadst breathed thy last ;—
I did not see the peaceful smile,
Gleam o'er thy pallid brow ;
But the blessing that thou left thy child,
Is with me even now !

Oh! father, 'twere a selfish thought
To wish thee here again,
Back from thy home of peace and rest,
To bear earth's weary chain;
Yet, could I call thee one short hour,
How would I pour to thee
My heart's full weight of suffering,—
My love and misery.

I'd lie once more upon thy breast,
As I was wont to lie,
When a little child thou fondled me
With a parent's perfect joy;
And thou should'st kiss away my tears,
And smile away my pain—
Oh! father, father, those are hours
That may not come again!

My father! when I met thee last,
I little thought 'twould be
The *very* last expression
Of thy tender love to me;
I pictured hours of happiness
Within our quiet home,
And what destroyed my visioned bliss?—
A shadow from the tomb.

My father! did'st thou see the pang,
That rent my heart in twain,
When first they told me that thy voice
I ne'er should hear again?
Oh, no, thou didst not, thy freed soul
E'en then had winged her flight
To the mansions of eternity,
The realms of endless light.

Thou had'st been welcomed ere that hour,
By her, thy sainted child,
Who, a little while before thee, passed,
A spirit undefiled;
Her seraph-voice now sings to thee,
The strains that angels hymn,—
No pain can hush its melody,
No death her eye can dim.

My sainted dear ones! I will joy,
That ye are freed from earth,
That sin, nor woe, can never more
Within your breasts have birth;
And I will whisper to my heart,
When grief is bursting o'er,
"They are not dead, our parted ones,
Nor lost, but 'gone before.'"

A SKETCH.

He pined for his wild glades,
For the sweet breathings of Spring's joyous sky;
The gleaming beauty of the primrose beds,
And the rich forest-paths' dim shadows.

He thought to look upon his childhood's haunts,
And woo from their pure air, the truant,—health,
To paint his cheek again: oh, how fondly
Would he stray their paths among! would seek
The green hill side, to court its fresh'ning breeze,
And bathe his fever'd brow in the cool stream,
Where the hanging boughs of wilding roses
Threw even a mid-day shade: there would he lie,
And with enraptur'd ear drink in the sounds
Of nature's cheerful voice,—the tinkling rill
That went so gently on; and yet with such
Glad music,—the bird's wild gushing song,
And the low ceaseless hum of busy insects,

Redolent of life and joy. It was his
Favourite spot ; for there in happy years,
When deeper lore was left, his chosen
Mate and he had lov'd to stray ; had revell'd
O'er pure thoughts in lofty rhyme ; had marvell'd
At the tales of red-cross knights and their bold
Deeds ; of perill'd maidens aidless ; of good
And guardian genii, watching tenderly
Their earth-born charge ; and all the gentle tales
Of the sweet fairy tribe, that sport within
The lily's bell, and sip the midnight dew
From the cup lichen's goblet. How did those
Witching dreams fill their young hearts ! had they not
Seen those bright green spots where all around was
Wither'd, and were not these the very courts
For fairy revelries ? had not soft music
Wild as air-harp's voice, blent with the fountain's
Gurgle, whene'er the western breeze sigh'd thro'
The crannies of the rock, under whose shade
They lay ?

His later prayers are answered now,
And he stands once more beside the stream : once
More the west wind brings its murmuring sound—
Again the brook's wild ripple joins the tune ;
The same rough beauty shines upon the crag ;
The same sweet wildflowers deck the verdant sod ;
And the same songs of blackbird and of thrush,

Make melody among the leaves. Alas!
That he is changed!—weary years of exile
'Mid the city's toils, the anxious thought,
The burden, and the care, that commerce brings
Her sons, bows down his frame; too late he comes,
For all his well-lov'd birth-place now can give
Is a green grave to rest in.

The autumn

Leaves fell dry and sere, and rustled 'neath his
Tread; the evening breeze grew strong and chill,
And his sick frame weaken'd as days wore dark;
Yet, while his strength remained, he oft would stray
Where the declining sun enrobed the west,
Watch the red light, upon the winding stream,
And list the wakeful bird's last tuneful note;
And then Faith's trustful smile would light his brow,
And he would thank, with a child's love, the Father
For his gifts.

Round the glassy slope of our
Green churchyard winds a little rill; it chimes
A cheerful hymn among our dead, to tell
Us there is life!—life yet! for those we mourn;
Just where those waters sing their gentlest song,
And where the elm-bough hangs its leafy shade,
His grave is made.

THE EVENING INVITATION.

See, love, how soft the sunbeams fall
Across our lattice pane!
And hark the blackbird's evening call,—
Shall we not forth again?
Yes, let us hasten to the bower,
Beneath our broad oak tree;
Where verdant leaf, and blooming flower,
Were trained and led by thee:
Stood I not by and praised the while?
And thou did'st say my look and smile
To thee in truth were far more dear
Than aught that God hath given thee here.

Come! see how gracefully the shade
Is thrown of yonder trees;
And listen to the music made
By birds and humming bees:
And look thou at the golden corn,
On the gently-rising lea,
It waves beneath the evening breeze,
Like thy loved billowy sea:
I'll bring our boy, and sit me down
Beside thee, whilst thou tell
Of islands in the far-off seas,
Where the swarthy pirates dwell:
I'll listen to thy perils, love,
In the tropic's scorching noon,
The blackness of the stormy wave,
The poisonous simoon:
Thou'lt tell of the plumed chief, who dwelt
Where grows the tall palm tree,—
Think'st not I love to hear his name,
When he saved and tended thee?
And see our boy, his baby brow,
His bright, blue, glancing eye,
Are raised unto his father now,
As if inquiringly:
Will he, too, love an ocean life,
A war-ship be his home?—
But no wild thought of parting now
Across my heart shall come.

Here is our bower, and here the tree,
The birds sing in it merrily!
The sky is one deep golden glow,
The wheeling swallows come and go,
Our child is lying on my breast,
I feel thy arm around me prest,
The hour, the scene,—all, all combine,—
Oh! what a happy lot is mine!

BIRTHDAY LINES.

I greet thee, brother! for once more
The laughing Spring unfolds her store,
Once more the sunbeam's bright'ning ray,
Sheds glory on our pilgrim way;
Again the fresh'ning breeze of morn,
Calls us to meet it at the dawn:
Light bounds the stag on upland lea;
Low bends the bud to kissing bee;
And all things young and bright and fair,
Meet in the spring day's balmy air.

Thy birthday, brother! oh! how well
Can faithful mem'ry weave her spell,
And bring before me at this hour
Thy infant charms in all their pow'r,—
Can 'mind me what I felt the while
I watched thy cherub, playful smile,
When first I kiss'd the baby boy,
And wept,—ay wept,—a sister's joy.

But years have pass'd since thou didst rest
In peace upon our mother's breast;
And tho' not yet may sorrow throw,
A shadow on thy youthful brow,—
Not yet may worldly cares, or strife,
Fling their dark shade around thy life,—
Yet has each year, in shine and gloom,
Been one step nearer to thy tomb.

And oh! could I thy burden bear,
Of earthly woes, and pain, and care;
Could I but shield thee from the sob
Of bitter grief, the burning throb
Of agony,—thou shouldst not know
One sigh of pain, one hour of woe,
But journey through this vale of tears,
Bright joy increasing with thy years.

Dear art thou, brother! lov'd so well,
No earthly act could break the spell
That binds me to thee; no, though Shame
Should darken with her clouds thy name,
Though Hate should shun thee, Crime should bring
Her with'ring touch, her serpent sting,—
Though o'er thy head hang every ill,
Yet would I bless thee,—love thee still.

And now farewell! I fain would send
One spring-bud from my heart, to blend
With flowers of brighter hue, and lay
A garland at thy feet to day;
And that is done, while thro' my soul
Affection's deepest raptures roll;
And though behind the mist of years,
Too oft, alas, approach'd with tears,—
I cannot write, or speak, of all
The blessings that on thee may fall;
Yet, in one line, my prayer I'll tell,
God bless thee, dear one, fare thee well.

ERNEST.

I.

He sat by the side of a lovely bay,
Whose waters in beauty and calm there lay,
Gliding in murmurs the beach along,
As the zephyrs passed o'er them in breezy song :
The moonbeams their silvery brightness gave
To the light sea-spray of each mimic wave,
And touched with those rays of refulgent light
The sails of each bark with glittering white,
'Till they seemed as they passed on their path, to be
Some wandering spirits of that blue sea,
Who had left their home in the coral caves
To sport for a while on the restless waves.
'Twas a beautiful scene,—so fair, so pure,
So holy and still, few hearts could endure
A glimpse of earth's pleasures and wiles should come
To lure the thoughts from that fairy home ;
Yet one, a dark stranger, he took no heed
Of the glorious sight ; he cast as a weed

Away from his breast, the soothing spell
Of a moonlit sky ; and he heard them tell
Of a God in the beauty on which they gazed,
Whom with their hearts they worshipped and praised,—
Of a heaven, beyond those azure skies,
Where the dead in faith, hereafter would rise,
With a cold disdain, and his lip the while,
Would curl in a proud contemptuous smile ;
He joined not the music of choral song,
As it echoed the sacred roof along ;
And when knee was bended in sanctity,
There Ernest disdained in his pride to be.

Destruction's withering glance had been
Within his dearest bowers ;
And Death's cold hand had torn away
His fondest cherished flowers ;
His soul still mourned for broken ties,
Of earth's frail friendship given,
His hopes were placed on idols here,
Not one found rest in Heaven.
Woe, woe for man ! bright hopes hath he,
And strong affection fit for holy things ;
Yet, round the weeds of earth entwined they be,
And to such failing props he ever clings ;—
Himself, immortal as his purchased home,
He wastes his all on earth, nor looks beyond the tomb.

II.

Soft evening came again ;—and Ernest strayed
In yon lone valley ; the bright sunbeams made
A parting glory round the forest trees,
The air was perfume, and the evening breeze
Came, with its murmured music ; the bird,
Sweet-voiced as Heaven's own chorister, was heard
Trilling her lonely notes : one dwelling stood
Half in the shelter of an arching wood,—
A home of beauty ; a glorious ray,
The ling'ring farewell of departing day,
Lay on its threshold ; but there came a moan,
A sob of grief, a low suppressed groan,
Signs of deep woe within ; he paused, and gazed
Thro' a half-opened casement ; there he saw
A youth upon his couch, whose eyes first raised
To Heav'n in prayer, with deep love and awe,
Now turned and rested on the mother lone
Who knelt beside him ; she was silent,—all
Her lowly faith, her trust, seem'd vanished—gone,
For he, her last, her cherished one must fall.

She mused in grief upon the hours
When he, the dying one, would play,
A happy child among the flowers,
More beautiful than they ;
She saw him in maturer years,
The soother of her widow's tears,

Then turned she to his death-touched brow ;—
He spoke,—“ My mother weep not thou,
Nor mourn that I must leave thee ; He, who lives
Eternally, the Holy One,—He gives
His chast'nings to his own ; He never leaves,
Nor will forsake, and even if He grieves
Thy heart, my mother, 'tis to heal again
With more abundant blessing for the pain,—
Oh weep thou not ! we yet again shall meet
Where He, whose name I worshipped at thy feet,
Will present be. Speak to me ! let me hear
Thy voice again, and let the tones so dear,
Breathe His own words. Mother, dear mother, speak ! ”
She raised her head, and then in accents meek,
She spoke in prayer, “ Lord, thou art good alone,
Not mine own will, but thine, yea Thine, be done ! ”
One moment more, and all his woes are past,—
A smile, a murmur'd—“ Mother ”—'twas his last !

The stranger saw and heard, and not in vain,
“ There is a world where love shall live again,”
Was echoed through his breast ; he turned aside,
And sought the forest ; vanished all his pride
And wild delusions ; truths he would not hear
Erstwhile, now came with balm, and with a tear,
Contrition's purest offering, he made
The wood a sanctuary, and the scorner prayed.

THE OLD HOUSE.

"Life and thought have passed away."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The house was old, and chill, and vacant;
The once wide-swinging door creaked slow on
Rusty hinge; the window-panes where childhood's
Seeking eyes had watched, where summer winds
Had stolen the rosebud's breath, to scatter
Far and near its fragrance,—were thick hung with
Dust, and thro' its gloom the noonday sunbeams
Scarcely passed. In sooth, a mournful look
It bore, deserted rooms echoing but
Strangers' footsteps; a cold and cheerless hearth,
Damp on the walls where pictures erst had shone,
And all sweet voices gone.

Methinks, among
The things of common life that meet Decay,
Wither beneath his crumbling touch, and lose
Their brightest hues in his dull ashes,—none
Hangeth on the heart with such subduing
Spell, as a hearthstone deserted. The place,
The nestling place of household happiness,
Where the voice of love sounds sweetest, where the
Rich treasures of the cultured mind are all
Unstor'd for home delights :—the spot *her* form
Has hallowed, who bore, and watched, and gave in
Her pure life, a living beauty to the
Truths she taught ;—the place where all the strongest
Links of life are first and firmest bound,
To all time hence is sanctified. So we,
The strangers in that lonely place, stood by,
While thought,—sad, chastened thought,—stole o'er
our hearts.

And then one came and said, how once, long years
Ago, a bride, with him she loved came in
Her happiness to this her home : how, in
Summer eves they wandered by the side
Of the calm river, sought the mossy bank
Of the wild dingle, where the glow-worm woo'd
Her lover ; and when Winter's snow lay white
Upon the ground, and storms swept o'er the hills,
Then, round their glowing hearth, (sacred to her,

In that he blest it with his presence and
His love)—they held communion sweet of
Wedded hearts. And so years passed away,
And round the daily board in the wide hall,
Gathered young faces, full of life's first joy,
Who shed o'er all, the sunshine of their glee,
And made these quiet rooms ring loudly with
Their mirth: but the legend told, how sadly
Changed the mother's face, how anxious was her
Brow, and how, when youthful heads were bowed
In sleep, she sat alone by midnight fire;
For he who brought her there, and bade her call
It Home, left her for noisy revelry.
Lo, as the speaker told the tale, how strong
Before us rose the image of that wife!
How deemed we that we guessed the thoughts that
passed

In reverie across her; her girlhood's home,
Would she not think of that, so tranquil
And so kind? Her mother's smile, her father's
Voice, the book and song around the winter's
Fire;—and the time when lo, another joined
Their social knot, soon the best loved of all;
His voice, his look, the pressure of his hand,
When 'neath their own sweet-scented lime he poured
His heart's tale forth, and prayed her be to him
Companion of his way;—oh! what did she,
When these precious dreams of days gone by

Illumed her heart? What could she do, but weep
And pray for him, and bless him !

Then we asked

What time brought to this sorrowing one? and
The teller told,—that worn at length with grief
And slow decline, she lay her down to die.
And how her failing voice breathed forth her faith
Unto her God, her love for those he gave ;
And that until the moment when her eye
Had looked its last, her heart had ceased to throb,
She strove with soothing words to comfort him
Who knelt beside in grief : his was the hand
She held in life's last grasp,—his the face, on
Which her eye fixed its last gaze, and on his lips
Love's last and ling'ring kiss,—and then around
The hearth a little mournful group gathered
In their first desolateness : the fair-haired
Girl, with quivering lip and tearful eye
Recalling, 'mid her grief, her mother's words,
The lessons she had taught upon that spot ;
The boys, strong in young unbroken spirits,
Yet bowing down their heads, to hide the tears
That would not be controlled ; and the young child
Whose seat had been its mother's knee, whose bed
Its mother's breast, calling with louder cries
On her, who for the first time answered not,
Nor came.

Alas ! and he, the wo-struck man !
Who valued not the gem until 'twas lost,
Wept he ? That night, he, with his children, knelt
Beside her bed, and vowed a holy vow
Unto his God, to guide his orphans in
Religion's path ; quit the ways of folly
And of vice, and raise an altar where she
Long had prayed. And when to him, all grey with age,
The summons came, he parted from the world
In Christian faith, and round his couch, his
Children's children knelt and wept their sire.

A DEATH SCENE.

Her eyes unclosed
And turned with looks of fondest love upon
The boy, the brother, who knelt in sadness
By her couch ; the glowing tints of autumn
Sunset, streaming through the open lattice,
Threw a ray of glorious light around
Her dying form ; but ere the last sad seal
Of death was stamped upon her brow, one bright
Ray of genius, one flash of former
Days, passed o'er her heart, flushed the wan cheek,
Lighted the dim eye, with more than earthly
Beauty ; and then, soft murmurings came,
Affection's parting tribute, to the dear
Earthly tie that still remained, her choicest
And her last.

"Weep not for me ! for though my strength decay,
And feeble life is flitting fast away ;
Yet think not, that to leave this world is loss,
My spirit now can spurn the earthly dross

That long enchained it ; and this lower sphere,
Excepting thee, contains no being dear ;
And thee I now can leave, for thou hast known
Thy Saviour's love, and He will guard his own—
Weep not for me.

“ Weep not for me : there is no cause for tears,
My soul is now beyond all wayward fears ;
The sting of death is not ; for He who bore
Our sorrows for our sakes, hath passed before
Thro' the grim portals, and for us did pave
The way to bliss, by victory o'er the grave !
Weep not for me.

“ Weep not for me ! thou shouldst not grieve for one
Whose trouble, sorrow, and whose toil are done ;
Thou shouldst not mourn that freely I can go
Where the pure streams of Life Eternal flow ;
And I, who oft have felt disease and pain,
And dwelt in sorrow, should I turn again
To things of earth, now that I stand before
The very threshold of my Father's door ?
Weep not for me.

“ Oh ! no, mine own ! my loved one ! who hath twined
Thine image round my heart, seek not to bind
Me still to earth ; it may not, cannot be,
E'en now, my soul is flutt'ring to be free ;

But oh ! forget not, in a few short years
We'll meet again, where thou shalt shed no tears,
For He, who long hath loved us, will be
Our joy, our glory, ours eternally !
Farewell, thou wert God's dearest gift, and He,
Oh ! He *will* bless thee—

Weep not then for me ! ”

I BLESS THEE AS THOU SLEEPEST.

I bless thee, as thou sleepest, my beautiful, my child !
A joyful watch beside thy couch, my heart hath oft beguiled,—
I gaze upon thy infant face, I kiss thy lineless brow,
And the gushings of a mother's love, o'erflow mine eyes e'en
now.

Not two have been thy summers, my joyous one, my pet,
Thy mother's voice can soothe all thy baby troubles yet ;
No cloud hath overshadowed thee, but what she can dispel,
And thy love, and thy endearments repay her care full well.

But there are years of future, which it may be thou wilt see,
And then her arm be powerless, to ward off ill from thee ;
A shade may come upon thy brow, a dimness on thine eye,
And a weight of this world's misery, upon thy spirit lie.

Oh! even, as I gaze upon thy soft and rosy cheek,
A vision rises shadowing, what other years may speak ;
Earth's sorrows bring their heavy loads, earth's joys their
soul's unrest,
And her glory, and her bravery, their thorns to wound the
breast.

I see before me all that train of busy hopes and fears,
Which first are bright and glittering, but close in bitter tears ;
Life's dearest treasures perished, her rainbow smiles believed,—
God shield thee, young and dear one, from all my vision
weaved.

Yea, holy thoughts breathe round thee ; I know that He can
guide,
Thy spirit's bark in safety, o'er temptation's foaming tide ;
And when thy soul is heavy, and when thine hope is dim,
The comforting of faithfulness will surely come from Him.

Oh boy ! my spirit bows me ! He who gave, alone can tell
The yearning hopes o'erflowing, from Love's undying well ;—
But Sleep's warm spell unlooses, again for me thou'st smiled,
And to my heart I press thee, my beautiful, my child !

THE OLD HOME.

"Blest
That home, where God is felt,"

FELICIA HEMANS.

There was a Home, a love-bright Home,
It stood in a garden's shade,
Where flowers 'of various form and hue
A living perfume made ;
And trees, rich trees ! the honied lime,
The spreading sycamore,
The chesnut with its giant leaf
And ivory crests it bore.

By that dear Home the old church stood,
With ancient buttress grey,
Where childhood, youth, and hoary age,
For years had knelt to pray ;
And the bells of joy, the knell of woe—
Signs of life's varied hour ;—
For centuries their tones had rung
From out its ivied tower.

Around that Home green hills were spread,
And bare crags rose between,
While little rills went merrily,
Their birth-place all unseen ;
And when the sun in pomp and pride
Sank to his evening rest,
The last gleam of his golden rays
Lay on the calm lake's breast.

Yea, beautiful that dear Home stood,
Nature's pure charms around ;
But beauties holier than these
Within its walls were found ;
There dwelt meek Charity, there Faith
Her high inspirings gave,—
Teaching the lamp of love to fling
Its radiance on life's wave.

Oh ! sweet the voices that were heard
Within that Home at night,
When the cheerful Hearth illum'd the walls,
With rays of flickering light ;
And when upon the wearied earth
Night's heavier shadow lay,
The little band assembled there,
United, knelt to pray.

Alas! alas! in that dear Home
The stranger's foot doth tread ;
And he who claimed our reverence there,
Lies with the cherished dead ;
The tidings of redeeming love
By other lips are told ;
For God hath taken to His rest
The Shepherd of the fold.

Oh! pastoral Homes of England !
How little do some know,
The streams of Truth and Holiness
That from your sources flow !
How, in the world's rough, rugged path,
Or luring, treacherous way,
How strong the bands, ye forged to guard,
About the heart will stay !

But we, who shared that dear old Home,
Tho' severed be our lot,
Will love its memory as a shrine,
Its lessons unforgot ;
One golden thread will ever hold
'Neath cot or lofty dome ;
For a blessing rests upon its strength,—
The tie of a holy Home.

A MOONLIGHT WALK.

FATHER.—AMY.

FATHER.

A calm, still, moonlight night.
How hushed its beauty, and how stilled its life !
The tall trees throw their shadow, but their boughs
Are tuneless now, song hath chimed itself
To sleep. The flowers lie side by side, with leaves
All softly folded in perfumed repose ;
High in Heaven's arch above, the stars twinkle
With dimpling light, and round the moon, fleecy
Clouds hang their light drapery. Beautiful,
How beautiful is night ! and oh ! how rich
The many-coloured thoughts that spring from speech
With her ! Who bringeth to the pining heart
Forms of the lost, the parted ?—whispereth
In the ear, tones of some voice that death hath
Stilled long years ?—and to affection's weeping
Eye giveth sweet dreams ? 'Tis night ; kind, watchful
Night : My spirit woos thee, quiet one, comes

To thee from the angry chafing world, from
The rough din and glare of day, bares her thoughts
Unto thee, for that thy breathings, comfort !

(Pauses.)

But come, my child, my fair-browed girl, come yet
A little forth : rest thy dear arm in mine,
Thou dost not fear this mingled light and gloom,
This calm so breathless ?

AMY.

I do not, father :
My mother ever loved this hour, and oft
Would bid me pause, and think if beauty such
As this were earth's, God's gift to man, what must
The glory be, of Heaven, God's own throne ?

FATHER.

Yet, dost thou love to ponder on her words
My Amy ?

AMY.

I do my father ;
Oft in the fading light of the rich summer's
Eve, I deem I hear her voice ; gentle its
Tones were always,—and that one sad moment

When her pure soul took flight with whispered words
Of Christian triumph, more frequent still,
Is present to my mind.

FATHER.

She was the angel
Of my life ; the sun that lighted in my soul
The beams of heavenly knowledge ; gentle
She was, and in that lay her strength ; pure was
She, and thereby throve her teachings ; patient
And hopeful ever, and her woman's love
Bore her thro' all. Be thou like her, child,
And thou may'st be a guiding light, and bless
The path of others yet unborn. Woman's
Virtues are for all time ; their influence lasts
From life to life ; Heaven's dew in silence
Rises, noiselessly performs its task
In the grey twilight, and tree and flower,
And blade of grass, alike are strengthened
And refreshed. So, in the sanctuary
Of her home, should woman's teachings be.

But

Hist, our village clock chimes later hour than
I had thought ; yet, ere we homeward turn, tell
To me once again those words thy mother
Loved ; she taught thee them at such an hour
As this.

AMY.

Tread lightly ; 'tis a sacred hour,
A quiet sabbath time ;
The breeze hath ceased, and lulled to sleep
The murmurs of our lime ;
No ripples stir yon placid lake,
Darkened by coming night,
The birds that sung from yonder brake
Are silent ; tread ye light !

No whisper ! let not language speak
The beauty that ye see ;
Gaze ye, and worship, but be still,
Nor let a sound from thee
Break the deep silence that pervades
The grandeur of this spot ;
There is not even a leaflet stirred,—
Tread lightly,—whisper not !

Breathe softly ! o'er our head is stretched
Earth's noble canopy ;
The moon is risen, and she reigns
In Heaven most gloriously ;
Here, let thy soul admire, adore,
And thy deep feelings waft
Incense to Him, who framed the whole :
God present ! Breathe ye soft !

A LAY OF DEPARTURE.

Now, I depart,
For I have lived the last of all my race,
And wandered in their ruined dwelling place,
Lonely in heart.

The rank weed grows
In the wide hall, and man's rude step hath thrown
Each fragrant beauty of the garden down,—
Trampled the rose.

And forms, who shed
A living beauty in their graceful glee,
Visit no more the dear home-paths with me,
For they are dead.

I saw the tomb
That opened first for age, receive the flower
That just had budded in its parent bower,
In all its bloom.

One after one

In manhood's prime, in beauty's youthful grace,
They passed away, and in the ancestral place
Left me alone!

'Tis a sad thought

That one, should go forth on the wild world's tide,
And the dear ties who would have stayed beside
All vainly sought!

As a rich tone

Of well-remembered music, is the voice
That once could make my weary heart rejoice,
Tho' long since gone,

To join the hymn

Of angel voices, in the heav'nly throng,
Who to their blest Redeemer's courts belong;—

But day grows dim,

And one more look, I fain would give to all
The hallowed remnants of my father's hall;—

And then to Him

Hence I commit me,—who the cup of woe
Drained in His patience, though to overflow,
It passed the brim!

Still I go not !
Oh ! little, those with all their kindred bound
Think how the lone heart clings, e'en to the ground
Of a loved spot !

How the soul pours
Her passion'd feelings forth, upon the things
Yielding fond tales to which pale mem'ry clings
Of long past hours !

But daylight goes ;
Dimly is thrown a pale ray on the walls,
Heavy around me night's dark curtain falls,
To grey repose.

With aching heart,
In distant climes 'mong strangers hence to dwell,
To thee old home, I bid my last farewell :
So, I depart !

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Those peaceful holy words,
How beautiful they come,
From the ruby lips of childhood,
In the shelter of its home !
When with raised hands and eyes,
In hushed and childish awe,
The " Heritor of Heaven " prays
To keep his Father's law.

There were fond eyes upon him bent,
As the boy in silence knelt ;
There was a heart that with him went,
And each petition felt :
And blessings on his own young head,
On his loved and childish ties,
Echoed upon the mother's heart,
With winning sympathies.

And then he murmured "Lead us not
Into temptation, Lord,"
That needful pray'r, which after-years,
Unuttered, may record ;
Oh, little knew'st thou, fair young child,
Of what thou asked for then,
How need it, when in time to come
Thou art a man, with men.

The sinful heart, the wayward will,
That brooks not of control ;
The weight that passion's storminess
Loads on the struggling soul ;
The world's wild witchery, the love
Of luring things, and strange,—
All, all that earth can do to work
A deep, a burning change ;—

For oh ! e'en love may prove a snare,
(So frail a heart have we ;)
Thou to the gift the worship pay
That should the Giver's be ;—
Thy good may wither in thy grasp,
When thou a hold obtain'st,—
Oh ! little know'st thou, darling boy,
What thou hast prayed against !

But deeply did my spirit feel
The burden of that pray'r,
And fervently an Amen breathed
To Him who saw us there :
Oh ! in the daily paths of life,
How frequent should we pour
These strength'ning words, " Deliver us,
In wild temptation's hour."

TO CHRISTMAS.

Thou'rt welcome merry Christmas
With thy hours of mirth and cheer ;—
Thou'rt welcome, though thou markest
The close of another year.
Thy leafless trees with snow wreathed,
Thy hoar frost on the hill,
The lake erst dimpled by the breeze,
Bound in thy chains, and still ;
Right welcome art thou, Christmas,
For the tones of love and glee,
That haunt our social hearths and homes,
With cheerful melody.
For the kindly words affection breathes,
Upon thy hallowed morn,
When to suffer and to die for us
A Saviour was born ;
And many a greeting, Christmas,
Will be given thee by the young,

The joyous ones whose spirits light
No sorrow hath unstrung ;
There will be sweet hours, Christmas,
Gay meetings, friend with friend,
And love will nestle 'mid the group,
And soul with soul will blend.
I, too, may greet thee, Christmas,
With something like to joy,
Though what thou bring'st is mingled
With Earth's impure alloy.
Yet blessings are there many
About my path which climb,
And fond and true ones share with me,
Thy happy firelight time.
Then come thou, welcome Christmas,
Though cold and dark thou'rt clad ;
Age hath a cheerful smile for thee,
And youthful hearts are glad ;
And when thou goest, Christmas,
Leave with me as we part,
For all the gifts thou broughtest,
A lowly, grateful heart.

HOUSEHOLD CALL, AND HYMN.

Home ! for the flower has been left by the bee,
Home ! for the song-birds are hushed in the tree,
The sunlight has faded from valley and hill,
And silence is brooding, deep, solemn, and still.

Home from the city ! come, father, come now,
Smoother the deep lines on thy care-riven brow ;
One looketh for thee, the mother, whose day
Is anxious and watchful ; she waiteth to pray.

Come from the greenwood, ye gleesome and young,
Far in the meadows your voices have rung ;
From flowers, from fountains, from green hills' fresh air,
Come back to the off'ring of household pray'r.

For He, who hath fill'd your young hearts with love,
For tree, and for bird, and blue sky above,
Loveth the worship that truthfully lies,
In the incense of Home's sweet sacrifice.

Join ye beloved ! bend lowly the knee,
From trouble and toil a moment be free ;
Though He hath given, or taken away,—
Kneel ye and worship,—join, loved ones, and pray.

H Y M N.

In evening dim
With humble gratitude, with heartfelt praise,
Father of light and life, to Thee we raise
Our household hymn !

Hear, Lord, we pray ;
Forgive the evil that thine eye hath seen,
What tongue hath spoke, where erring foot hath been,
Through the past day.

We thank Thy care ;
'Tis Thou hast shielded, Thou the table spread,
Thou the weak steps of tott'ring childhood led,
Thou lov'st to spare.

Our fathers prayed
In the lone wilderness ; 'mid caverned rock,
On the wild moor, amid the tempest shock,
Their footsteps strayed.

The martyr's blood
Poured forth like water ; yet the Christian song
Of Faith triumphant, floated full and strong,
In its rich flood !

Our songs arise,
Where all life's charities around us blend,
Where love meets love, where mingles friend with friend,
And kindred ties.

And thus, we strive
To thank Thee, Lord ; and when our hearts endure,
But ill, earth's load,—oh ! let Thy Spirit pure,
Our faith revive.

And now, from ill
Keep us, we pray Thee, through night's starry hours,
And with the day-spring, raise us with fresh powers
To serve Thee still.

Be with us, when
Still sleep is on us ; thro' Thy Son most dear,
Accept our off'ring ; let Thy mercy hear
Our one Amen.

TO MY WESTMORLAND HOME.

Home of my earlier years ! the thoughtful time
Of evening twilight, brings unto me now,
The cheerful music of thy sweet bells' chime,
Thy quiet, and thy beauty ; to thee bow
My gratitude and love ; faint must memory be,
Ere my heart turn forgettingly on thee.

Home of the crag and hill ! where trickling streams
Well forth from old grey rock ; where the wild bird,
Breaks the lake's stillness with her wetted wing ;
Of moor, and fell, where only sounds are heard,
Of Nature's own, the insects' hum, the plover's cry,
That riseth in the air complainingly.

Thine are the hills, the soft green sloping hills,
That at the sun's departure lure his beams
To linger on their summits ; thine the rugged Scaur,
Rough rising, till like castled pile it seems,
And the clear bubbling brook, whose merry call
Is answered by the leaping waterfall.

Oh ! home beloved and beauteous, thou wert mine
'Mid the rich gifts of those most golden years,
When girlhood springs to woman ; when the heart
First feels its strength—its love ; its very fears
Powerless to wound ; life has not then been cast
In cloud and gloom by sorrows of the past !

Holy and pure the love that dwelt with thee,
Shedding its gentle influence, day by day,
On all around ; strengthening the feeble heart,
And dropping comfort in the poor man's way :
Bright was the lamp that burned aye with thee,
The light of universal charity.

And for all this I bless thee ; yea, for more,—
For the rich thought, the high pure heart, and strong,
The intellectual wealth that fires the soul
With its own glory ;—these to thee belong,
And in my song if ought of power there be,
Its best inspirings came to me from thee.

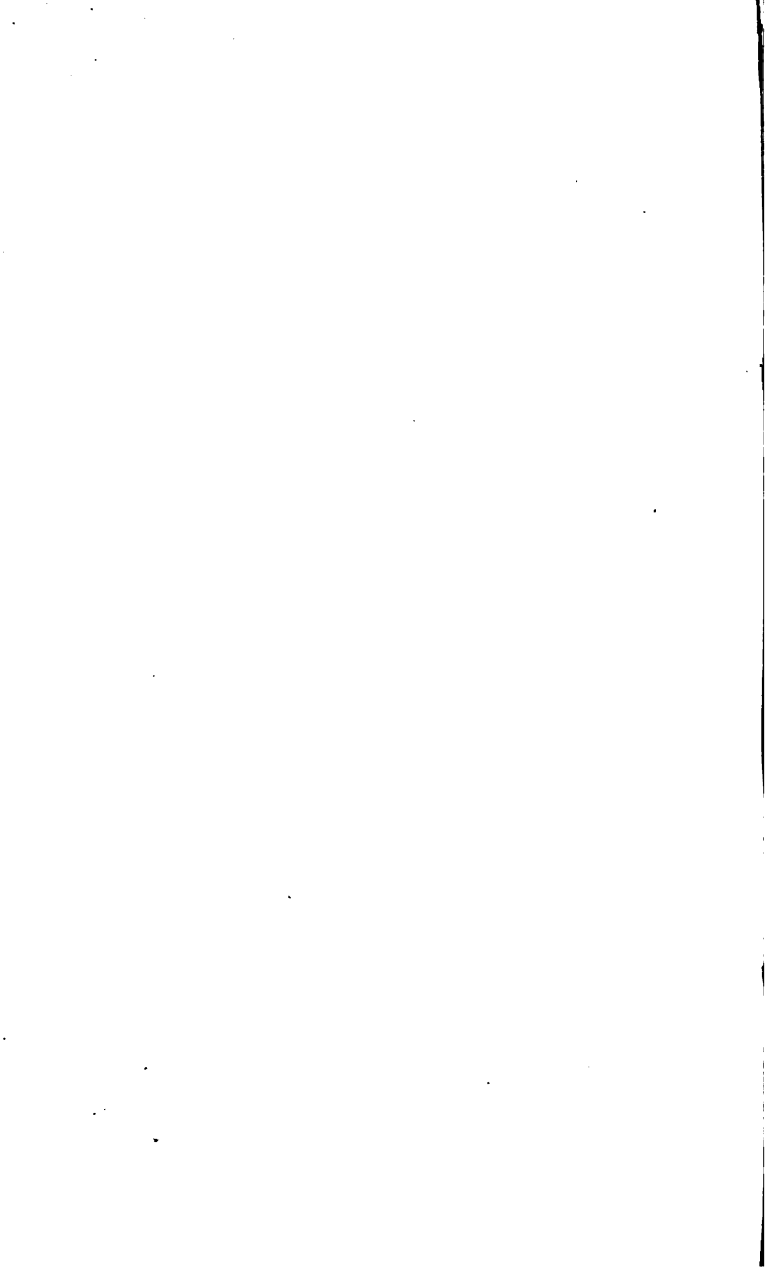
And now, amid the city's hum and toil,
 'Mid the rough strivings of our daily way,
Doth the sweet influence of thy teaching still
 About my heart retain subduing sway ;
And when my children pray beside my knee,
Riseth an orison for the loved with thee.

Sweet home, farewell ! at least in song farewell,
 But not the memory of thy happiness ;
True is the love that 'neath my roof doth dwell,
 And children cling around with soft caress ;
Yet, still amid the visions of the past,
Lingers a dream of thee,—the loveliest, last.

END OF THE DOMESTIC HEARTH.



POETICAL EMBLEMS.



POETICAL EMBLEMS.

PURITY.

(1) THE WHITE WATER LILY.

A blue and gentle stream, so still and calm,
With hanging trees beside,—it is a balm
To the tired heart to wander there alone,
And let the world's rough tales be hushed and gone ;
There is a rustling murmur of the leaves,
Whose gentle touch the gliding wave receives,
And when the sun's bright rays stream in between,
And gladden all the waters, then are seen
The pure white lilies on their cars of green.

Ye are so beautiful, ye pearl-like flowers !
A placid saint-like loveliness is yours ;
Ye only dwell in waters clear and still,
Ye shrink from storm and darkness, and ye fill
Your pure white chalice with those radiant beams,
Your own bright God, in noontide glory streams ;
Ye live but in his love, for when the west
Receives his light, then ye, who were so blest,
Sink mournful in the glassy wave to rest.

Oh, flowers of beauty ! could I only see
The same abiding trusting love in me,—
The same calm purity within my breast
What freedom then were mine,—what holy rest !
Oh, not on earth's rough waves can Innocence
A perfect garment from her stores dispense ;
But in the world, where storms can ne'er distress,
And sin defile not, may my spirit rest,
Clad in the "white robes of His righteousness."

A SORROWFUL REMEMBRANCE.

(2) THE WILD SCABIOUS.

A sad remembrance ! Oh, why shade
Fair flower, with words of gloom,
Thy soft pale beauty ? on thee throw,
Aught telling of the tomb ?

Thou gleamest in the hedge's pride,
Among the ripened corn,
When from the fields the harvest store
With shout and laugh is borne.

Thy petals meet the cheerful sun
Nor shun his ardent gaze ;
And to the passing eye, no grief
Thy well-known form displays.

And yet, fair flower, thy meaning sad,
Thee, to me more endears,
Than if thou didst not tell of woe,
Of suffering and tears.

A sad remembrance! there are few
To whom earth does not give
Some shadow of the past, to throw
A dimness while we live.

One sad remembrance, all must know,
The heart, the thought of sin ;
Pale flower ! be thou to me a sign
Of penitence within.

Whisper thou to me, as I feel
How my own heart hath striven,
“ On earth sad memories may cling,
But there are none in Heaven.”

HUMILITY.

(3) THE COMMON BROOM.

The Clarion sounds its shrilly note,
And brightly shines the quivering lance,
While belted knights go proudly by,
To win their sovereign ladies' glance ;
There are proud banners waving high,
And knightly pennons gaily blent,
And childhood blithe, and manhood grave,
Are hastening to the tournament.

Lo, many a lordly baron's crest
Is blazoned on a glittering shield,
The "Dragon" fierce, the rampant "Bear,"
To neither will the "Eagle" yield ;
But 'midst them all, none loftier wears
His helmet where his badge is set,
Than that black knight, with kingly mien,
Our England's own Plantagenet.

And what his badge ? what crest wears he,
To which all others must give room ?
A simple plant with yellow flower,
 Planta Genista, Common Broom ;
And many a castle, many a field,
 Where foemen meet in fiery wrath,
That little wilding flower has seen
 The foremost in the battle path.

The royal race has passed away,
 Nought of it but the name remains,
The plant which gave that name we see,
 Yet blooming o'er our native plains :
The tale is told, naught will I say
 Of any moral there may be,
But sure, no strain could ever give
 More lesson of "Humility."

GOOD HUMOUR.

(4) THE HEART'S-EASE.

There's a purple flower, with a yellow eye,
Which in shine or in shade looks cheerily ;
No bud more choice can the garden yield,
Yet it blooms as fair in the distant field ;
In hedgerow rough, by the dusty way
You may find it growing bright and gay ;
And the coppice wild, and the dingle rude,
Have its charms to deck their solitude.

The dew of the morning upon it may lie,
It cannot bedim the sweet smile of its eye ;
The storm and the tempest sweep over the plain,—
To spoil its gay glances, they try, but in vain ;

'Tis a sparkling gem in the dark green wood,
It will bend to gaze on the crystal flood,—
Then smile at the rush of the taunting breeze,
Oh, who doth not know my bonny Heart's-ease?

Oh! gentle maiden, I pray pass by
My cheerful blossom right lovingly;
And list a word of the minstrel's song,
To whom such fancies of right belong;
There's a spirit dwells in each fragrant flower
That e'er grew fair in summer's bower;
'Tis Love, within the queenly rose;
Fragrance, the purple violet knows;
The star-like primrose, soft and dim,
Hath gentle Hope, her breast within,
And in the lily's pearly breast,
Pure Innocence there stands confest.

And all are bright and good, but when
The fierce wind whistles in the glen,
And scatters from its fragile stem,
The charms of many a stately gem,
Then Love will vanish from the rose,
E'en from the primrose Hope too goes,
And none will raise a cheerful smile,
Save my own favourite the while.

Good Humour is the Pansy's fay,
Thee, doth he visit, maiden, say ?
You may know him by his courtesy,
By his ready and winning sympathy ;
By his pleasant voice, his kindly mood,
To think and act for other's good ;
By his peaceful look and word,
By his cheek, when wrath is pour'd
By each and ev'ry one of these,
You may know the spirit, who all can please
The fay that dwells in my bonny Heart's-ease.

S A N C T I T Y.

(5) ST. JOHN'S WORT.

Thou art a holy flower :
Dost thou not bear the name of him, who laid
His head upon that heavenly breast, which paid
Our ransom from death's power ?

Thou hast a meaning too,
Of high enduring faith, and trust, and love,
And pure imaginings ; thoughts sent above
From earth, that fain would woo

Our hearts to rest with her,
And share the short-lived gifts she sheds o'er those
Who carelessly will slight the blest repose,
Thy emblem can confer.

Bright flower ! I gaze on thee,
And fain would draw unto my wayward breast,
Some of the calm thy golden leaves express,—
Some of the purity.

Oh, be to me a shrine !
And let thy silent moralizing feed
My soul with sanctity, and onward lead
To holiness divine !

G L O R Y.

(6) THE LAUREL.

Wave high the banners!—let them proudly float,
O'er hall and turret, o'er drawbridge and moat ;
Wave them on high o'er the flower-strewn path,
Lofty honour the conqueror hath ;
He hath fought the fierce battles of holy land,
He returns the noblest of all his band ;
And the mail-clad train who follow his steed,
Bring captives and gifts,—the warrior's meed :
Shout and trumpet his triumph proclaim,
“ And he shall have glory and deathless name ;”
So saith Fame.

Hang up the banners ! and let them fall
In silken folds round the castle hall ;
Bring forth the flagon, pile high the board,
With wine and meats be its length well stored ;

Bid the guest pass the wine-cup free,
Loud be the song of festivity ;
And while the laurel-crown wreathes his brow,
Let the minstrel chaunt of his lord I trow ;
Harp and voice shall his triumph proclaim,
“ And he shall have glory and deathless name ;”
So saith Fame.

Once more the banners wave high in the air,
Once more is the coal-black war-horse there,
Again the steel-clad train clank by,
The trumpet's notes o'er the hills peal high,
The sunbeams glint on each burnished spear,
But the helmeted chief!—he is not here !
They bear him away to the chapel's shade,
In a lordly tomb is that warrior laid,
But his name is carved in letters of stone,
And his statue lieth stiff and alone :
“ And well, shall that trophy his deeds proclaim,
For glory he hath, and a deathless name ;”
So said Fame.

A bright and a sunny summer's day,
Sweet comes the breath of the fresh turn'd hay ;
And peasants' cottages cheerfully peep,
From their garden shade on the hilly steep ;
Down by the streamlet, whose ripples glide,
By the long grass on the dingle's side,

Half cover'd with weeds and waving fern,
Lies a knight's effigy, stiff and stern,
And near it a few grey walls to tell,
There once was a chapel within the dell,
But who the knight, of his deeds or name,
Or where he died, or whence he came,
No one knoweth,—

Not even Fame.

Cold and shining laurel bough,
Glory's emblem fit art thou ;
Hiding thy bright green beneath,
Bitter juice and pois'nous breath ;
So, although thy wreathed crown,
Bringeth shout and triumph down,
Homage none thou'lt have from me,
False and glossy laurel tree.

IMMORTALITY.

(7) THE AMARANTH.

Oh! name it not to me!
Hopes dashed aside, and love that did not last,
And constancy that with the wild winds past,
Blend with that mimic tree.

True, its flowers do not die;
But still live blooming on, unchanged by years,
As if they careless were of human tears,
And scorned mortality.

I gaze upon one now;
It is the same in look, as in the hour
When it was given me as love's own flower,
Pledge of a faithful vow.

But years have long passed by,
And all the hopes and visions which thou bore
In rich luxuriance flower, are no more,
Thou art a mockery !

Oh ! take it hence from me,
It tells of trust deceived, of love forgot,
Of early youth's wild dreaming hours, and not
Of Immortality !

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

I do not know, oh, gentle flower,
What poet-name is thine,
Nor what the fancied attribute
Hid in thy leafy shrine.

Sweet is the fragrance of thy bells,
And rich thy broad leaves' fold ;
More beautiful thy purity
Than gems, or orient gold.

But sweeter far the memory
Of what thou bring'st to me,
Than all the poet's pen could tell
Of minstrel fantasy.

How many hours of by-gone years,
How many tones of glee !
And days of quiet happiness,
Rise at the sight of thee !

The garden with its perfumed buds,
The song-birds on the bough,
The grey old wall with ivy wreath'd,
Are spread before me now !

And faces that I cannot meet,
Hearts that will beat no more ;
But the love they gave, the truth they taught,
Will last till life be o'er.

Oh ! how the griefs of later years
Fade in this light away !
How fleeting are the clouds that hung
Their gloom upon the day !

But thus it is ; that beam of love,
By God to mortals given,
Beareth where'er its light may stray
A touch divine of Heaven.

And now adieu, fair lily bell,
I leave thee on thy bed ;
While, to my daily path I bear
The comfort thou hast shed.

Oh ! never shall my heart despair,
Or sink in sorrow's hour,
While He, who watcheth all, can send
Such blessing in a flower.

WILD FLOWERS.

TRUTH AND FAITH.

Wild Flowers, Field Flowers, what do ye bring?—

“ Thoughts of the verdant and dancing spring ;
Of the shadowy beds with primroses pale,
Of the violet breath on the scented gale,
Of the waving heath with its purple bell,
Of the lady fern by the springing well,
Of the wild wood-path, with its tangled stems,
And the fields with their bending and living gems.”

Wild Flowers, Wild Flowers, what can ye tell ?

“ The secret tales of our lonely dell ;
We can tell the words of the blackbird's song,
As his notes the ev'ning winds prolong ;
We know the tale the nightingale weaves,
And the joyous hum of the springing leaves,—
The voice of the winds in their whispers low,
And the rivulet's laughing song we know.”

Wild Flowers, Wild Flowers, what can ye give?—

“ A lesson of *faith*, to all who live ;

A whisper of *truth* to every one,

Who deemeth his hope and his joy both gone ;

Do we not shew forth His love who made

Our home in the wild and woody glade ?

Who decked us with beauty, and made us fair,

And breathed on us odours to scent the air ?

Thinkest thou not He loveth to gaze

On the grace we shed on the rough pathways ?

Then, if upon things so fragile as we

He looketh with love,—much more on ye,

Who must live through a long Eternity.

Yes, this is our lesson,—no life-track is dead,

If light from His pillar upon it be shed ;

Then banish thy fears, thy sad thoughts yield,

To the Moral told by Flowers of the Field.”

THE FADED NOSEGAY.

Ye were blooming brightly, gentle flowers,
In hedge and mossy dell,
And the dusty road-side's step-worn way
Ye ornamented well ;
I sought ye in dingle and lonely glade,
And a nosegay sweet for my bower ye made.

But yesternight ye blossomed still
With leaf and cup arrayed ;
And now your colours are dimm'd and dull,
And your wither'd forms are laid
Low in the dust from whence ye grew :—
Alas, fair flowers, must ye seek it too ?

Ye were graceful, bending, fragile things,
And many a tale have taught,
To the patient and the humble heart,
With pure instruction fraught ;
And now, dead flowers, ye may teach to me,
How sweet e'en decay and death may be.

Ye were scatter'd abroad by Him, whose hand
 My own existence gave ;
Ye have lived a life of meek content,
 Nor when the tempest wave
Of storm and whirlwind fiercely blew,
Did ye swerve from your humble meekness true.

Ye have drunk in the dews of Heaven's gift
 And gloried in its light ;
Ye have greeted the blush of the early dawn
 And bowed to the cooling night ;
Ye have given a charm to the dewy grass,
And scented the air for all who pass.

And thus ye fulfill'd your destiny,
 Oh, dead and faded flowers !
Ye bloom'd and shone unseeking reward,
 Ye smil'd thro' mournful hours :
Oh ! may I, with chasten'd heart and will,
My course of duty as well fulfil.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS FOR MY
SISTER'S ALBUM OF TREES & FLOWERS.

Trees, Flowers, and Poesy ! what other charms
Need'st thou, in happy hours, to fling around
Home's graceful beauty ; or, what spells to burst
The folds, that waking life hath o'er thee bound ?

Oh, many a glorious vision here may wake,
Of the dark wood, and fairy-haunted shore,
Of forest dingles, and their tangled brake,
Which nature's votary loves to explore.

And the green meadow-path, with its sweet blossoms,
And all its gentle tribe of child-loved flowers,
The yellow daffodil, the cowslip nodding,—
Do they not all come back,—those sunny hours,

And childhood, with its laughter and its love,
Its buoyant ecstasy, its ringing glee ;
Doth not its melody, e'en now, my sister,
Come back in happy memory to thee ?

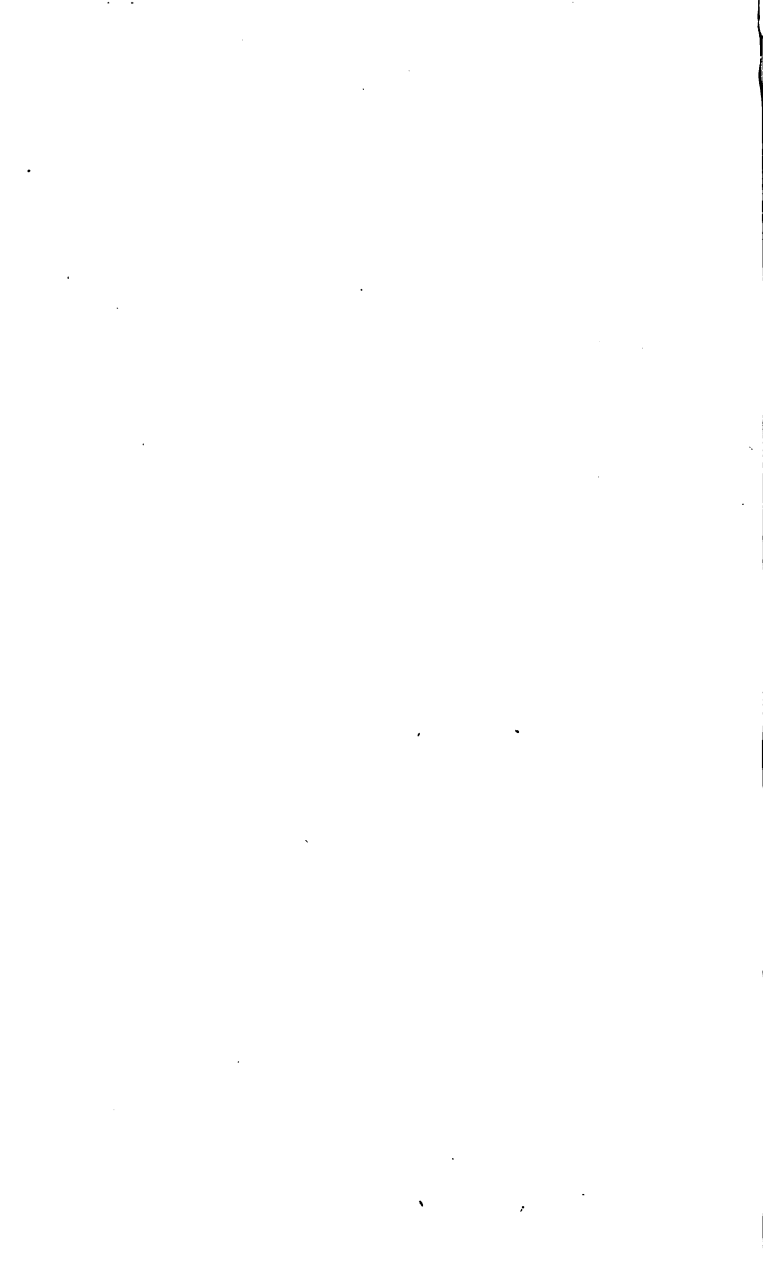
The winding river, with its onward waters,
On which the pearl-like water-lily lay ;
The spreading trees, with their green summer mantle,
The sunset ramble at the close of day ;—

These, ay, and more than these, sweet thoughts will
haunt thee,
For Poesy hath twined her witching spell,
And the hid thought, and the awaking fancy,
Her changeful melody may truly tell.

A glorious gift to man ! the power to breathe
Rich thoughts and visions in melodious words !
And with those breathings, thrill the mystic link
That echoes with the heart's most hidden chords.

A glorious boon ! and well I know, my sister,
More gifted strains will on thy pages be ;
Yet still I pray thee, let affection linger
On the few lines I dedicate to thee.

FRAGMENTS.



FRAGMENTS.

MEMORY.

There's a spirit lingers with the sun's decline,
Sighs with its parting ray,
Travels afar upon the evening wind,
Weeps with the close of day ;
Her presence wanders in the wild wood shade
And dreams o'er reveries herself hath made ;
She hears the rushing of the waterfall,
And with that melody loves to recall
Some dreamy vision of her former hours,
Round which a host of sprite-like spells she pours ;
This spirit moves in garden and in dell,
Claims kindred with the sprite of haunted well ;

The hawthorn bough just budding in the spring,
The autumn leaf ting'd with bright colouring,
All love this fay, and bring an offering.

She brings the sight of other days,
Before the mourner's eye,—
She revels round the ruddy blaze
And long departed ones will raise ;—
Her name is Memory.

And now, I woo her presence to my rhyme,
She whispers secrets of life's earlier time,
Tells o'er again the tale by others told,
Which oft repeated, yet was never old ;
Whispers the tones of those who now are dead,
And brings before me visions which have fled ;
Oh ! see again, around me is the glade
By fancy cherished where my childhood played,
There is the river, sparkling in the beam
Of the mid sun ; we called it the "Great Stream,"
Nor deemed aught larger e'er was seen before,
Its breadth some thirty forty yards, not more.
And there too, stand in noble ruins grey,
The lofty towers of those who once had sway
O'er the fair scene around ; now, nothing there
Pays homage to the haughty Earls of Clare ;⁽⁸⁾
Their name, their race, their deeds of glory done,
Their very mem'ry to the wild winds gone.

But the Sprite hurries on, and lingers not
Till she has reach'd a well-remember'd spot ;
'Tis an old house with jutting roof and eaves,
And there, the longest tale sweet Mem'ry weaves.
'Tis summer time, but in the quiet street,
Not trampling much is there of busy feet,
So in that cool, still room, with pictur'd walls,
Only the hum of distant voices falls ;
A sunbeam streams through the half-blinded pane,
And lights a child there seated on the floor,
With prints, and books of legendary lore ;
Of brave King Arthur with his knights,
Of elfin tricks, and fairy sprites ;
An enchanted prince, a beauteous dame,
Held in vile durance till there came
The destined lover, to subdue
The spell that bound his ladye true ;
And mournful stories of decline,
Of young hearts in their first spring time,
Ay, even tales of woe and wrong
Were wreathed into the cherished song ;
And then the child would weep to read
Of treacherous and murderous deed ;
Would marvel at the magic told,
That slumbers in vast caverns old ;
Of golden bird, and singing tree,
And all the gems of faëry
Told in wild "Nights of Araby."

Oh ! much I marvelled often then,
If in the haunts and paths of men,
When childhood's days were pass'd and gone,
And I could guide my steps alone,
If ever it would chance to me
Such sights and sounds to hear and see ;
I could not tell !—it might be so !
The world was all for me to know !
Alas ! I cannot marvel that again.

In sooth I was a wayward child,
Of wild imaginings ;
For when 'twas future all to me,
I sigh'd full oft, for Memory,
And pined for her to bring
The tales she told to other hearts
Who unlike me, had felt the smarts
Of what long life and troubled years,
Can add unto a mortal's tears ;
I heard them tell of blight and grief,
Of woe, that sought in vain relief,
And only for itself would crave
A lonely and forgotten grave ;—
Of agony and hopelessness,
Of woman's heart in that distress
Which she alone can know,
When all to which she clung and lean'd
And firm and truthful to her seem'd
Is but a broken vow !

All this, and more, I often heard,
And sigh'd for wings e'en as a bird,
That I might fly afar, and see
The workings of earth's misery ;
Remembrance then to me might bring
Some waters from her hidden spring.

Oh! strange in earnest, is our secret soul,
Strange the wild workings of our mind ;
Why willingly thus seek to reach the goal
Which afterwards we would not find ?
Alas, alas ! I thought it then a joy,
To feel some portion of earth's rough alloy ;
I've gain'd it since, have felt my heart throb deep
With sorrow's touch, that would not, could not sleep ;—
Have wept with real grief, on hopes that fled,
O'er aims aspiring, that soon too were dead ;
Yet may I say that now my chast'ned soul,
Sees life not in "its parts," but as "a whole ;"
Can view a guiding hand, in what might seem
To careless vision but an aching dream.
True, I have loved, and lost : but they I mourn
Can feel no more the woe of this world born ;
And could I wish on earth to see them back,
To tread again a painful, arduous track ?
Oh! no, I could not ; they at least are free,
From any perils that may wait on me.

And all, not all are gone,—Oh! there are yet
Some cherished dear ones who will not forget!
Some, who would share with me whatever woe
My heart to purify must undergo :—
Earth yet is bright, I still can view with glee
The blossom'd bough, the bird upon the tree,
Still revel in the glory of the noon,
Still list the wild brook, chaunt its jocund tune ;
Then will I trust, that He, who gave me these,
And temper'd so my mind that they might please,
Who yet upon my path such treasures pours,
Will keep and guard me, in my future hours,

OUTLINES OF A LIFE.

Within a small and curtain'd room,
Fond hearts were bow'd in grief, in gloom ;
There, lying on his latest bed,
With tears of love around him shed,
Was a pale form, whose years of life
Were with struggles ever rife ;
Whose high aspiring hopes had been
Like to the bow in April seen,
Bright, beautiful unto the eye,
But vanishing most hastily.

Long years ago he stood beside
His father's grave, and felt the wide
Strange world henceforth to him was bare,
Of what affection's blessings are ;
He knew no heart to him that clung,
No form that on his accents hung,

No one to bless him, none to guide
His youthful steps to manhood's pride ;
With little hope, with none of joy,
He stood—a lone, sad-hearted boy.

Time winged his flight, and brought to view
The painter's power ; to nature true,
He sought her vales, her hills, her streams,
By morning sun's first rising beams ;
And in the ev'ning twilight pale,
When night enrobed her with a veil,
His heart in soft'ned sadness felt
How beauty e'er with nature dwelt.

And oh ! how rich the dreams that sprung
Within his breast, unskilled and young !
How breathed he freedom in each gale
That swept the red crag with its wail !
How filled his heart with purest thought,
How love, and peace, and hope were brought,—
By wild flowers on the mountain side,
By murmurs of the swelling tide,
By gurgling brook, by rippling lake,
Where drooping trees their shadows make,
Till earth was loved for her sweet sake !

Years fled by ; his boyish span
Of life was o'er ; the youth a man ;

Embrown'd his once pale cheek, his eye
More quiet in its luxury
Of living light ; the rosy chain
Affection binds was link'd again
About his heart, and round his hearth
Rose the light sounds of childhood's mirth,
While gently minist'ring by his side
Was she, his heart's deep cherish'd pride.

Alas ! alas ! it may not be,
That life glides on from sorrow free !
And so to him, upon whose brow
The cold death damp is rising now,
Came trouble, suffering, and tears :—
Oh ! who, in his first trusting years,
Can e'er believe a time may come
When earth will no more yield a home ;
That Genius, like the fabled bird,
May breathe its dying song unheard ?

There are some hearts who cannot brook
The careless word, the chilling look ;
Who in their sorrow shrink aside
From the world's sympathy ; who hide
A stricken spirit, broken heart ;
Who of themselves can bear no part
In the world's strife ; yea, such there be,
With whom life's step moves heavily ;

And oh ! for such to go along
The world's broad path, mix with the throng
That jostle all ;—for such to strive
And fail ! where others hourly thrive !

This was his fate ; too gentle he
To seek, or win the mastery ;
And so the busy world went on,
And men sought honours, wore when won,
Many a self-exalted name
Became another word for Fame.
While he, in pain and penury,
Sick and heart-worn, lay down to die.

A dying man ! what mystery
Lies in the words ! what history
Of earth and heaven ! a spirit's light
Breathed into dust, struggling in sight
Of its two homes ; the one, all pure,
Bright, deathless, and its promise sure ;
The other, with its prospects vain,
Its show of joy, its real pain,
Its troubled light of many years,
Its smiles, its wretchedness, its tears !—
Oh God ! oh God ! Thy saving power
Alone can calm at that dread hour !

But little space remained, the day
In crimson glory waned away,
And left its latest ruddy beam
On the light ripple of the stream
That murmur'd the old beech tree by,
As 't were some moaning Spirit's sigh.
He bent love's gaze upon the few
Last links of life ; those dear ones who
Pressed quiv'ring lip to his cold cheek,
And wept the grief they could not speak.
—" God comfort thee ! my lov'd, mine own !
And guard thee in thy path alone,
Ever thou wert the dearest tie
Life held upon me ; once more lie
Thy cheek to mine ; our God above,
He will reward thy truth, thy love,
For thou, and I, and He alone,
Know what thy woman's faith hath done ;
My children !—wife !—I bless ye all ! "
Slowly descended evening's pall,
And as day vanish'd into night,
His spirit passed ; a trembling light,
Gleam'd for a moment in his eye—
His soul was in eternity.

Time, as thou wingest by
With thy day and night ; ⁽⁹⁾

Life, as thou glideest on,
Like shadow from our sight,
See ye aught like him I've sung,
In your pauseless flight ?
To the quiet breast of Death
Bear him swift away,
For with you, oh ! Time and Life,
He yearneth not to stay ;
Both his feeble heart have wrung ;
Bear him hence away.

THE PARTING.

"Life's bounding, bursting joy."—FESTUS.

They parted 'neath
The old green beech that grew beside her home ;
The sun's red light had set, and all his train,
Amber and purple clouds, had pass'd away
As bright things ever do—evanishing.
'T was the grey of twilight,—not dark, so they
Might see each other's face ; and they stood, each
On the other gazing, with claspéd hands
And throbbing hearts, waiting to hear Farewell !

'T was a fair cheek he bore,
And fairer brow ; a quiet eye of blue,
And hair of clust'ring brown ; a face whose
Calmness shewed strength,—strength of heart, of thought,
Of purpose. Her hair was black as raven's
Plume, or midnight ; curling in masses round
Her cheek of mantling brown,—as love had kiss'd
It in a sunny clime,—lustrous her eyes, where
Passion slept, or if he woke, 'twas but
To shew his smile.

She bent her slightly forward
As best to hear his voice, and the dear words,
Life's spell for ever,—that he breathed. Quickly beat
Her heart responsive to that radiant joy,
The newness, sunniness of love.

They parted :
He to the world again, as one of it ;
To strive, to win, to mingle in the whirl
With other men ; to dream of name and fame,
Of eminence of state,—the many, gauds
Life scatters to allure. She, to her home,
To count the weary days till he return ;
By day to think of him, to dream by night ;
To treasure up his words, for her heart's food ;
To love what he has looked upon, worship
What he has loved ; to live a charmed life,
He, the magician, gone.

The heart of woman !
How often are its treasures poured vainly !
Ah ! *how* vainly !

THE HIDDEN FOUNTAIN.

There is a rill which trickles through
A mossy pathway, where the dew
Of early morning often lies,
Unreck'd of by the scorching skies ;
Tall trees embower it from the light,
And 'mid them, with their merry tune,
Wild birds sing carols there at noon,
And Philomela mourns at night.

And once beside that fountain lone,
There stood at eventide,
A youth, with sunny lineless brow,
A maiden by his side.
They had pass'd many an hour beneath
The shadow of those trees,—
Had stood upon the hill above
To court its fresh'ning breeze ;
And now, they met but once again
Before the bark sailed o'er the main,
That would take one away ;
The maid was yet in girlhood's spring,
That blessed time when slight things bring
A smile upon the day.

This eve, there was a graver shade
Upon her rounded cheek,
For thought was wildly wandering
On things she might not speak ;
“ Look up, sweet Mary, wilt thou love
This fountain for my sake ?
And wilt thou join the thoughts of me
With music from yon brake ?
I may not choose but leave thee sweet,—
But think too, Mary, when I come
From sunnier lands to our dear home,
What joy 'twill be, to greet
With thee again, the bowery shade,
Of this our own beloved glade ! ”

She raised her eyes at his appeal,
Eyes, dark as were his own ;
He kiss'd her cheek, and whisper'd there
Half Love's, and half a Brother's prayer ;
Another minute lingered on
The mossy pathway,—then alone,
The fountain gurgled,—they were gone.

Long years are o'er, since they two stood
Beneath the shadow of that wood ;
And ne'er again in glade or dell,
Met they to speak the word, Farewell.
It was their first, it was their last,—

For death's dark shade hath long since past
Upon that bright boy's noble brow ;—
His grave is under Grecian skies,
A fallen fane beside it lies,
And breezes from the Ægine wave, *
Sweep o'er the English sailor's grave.
And she, his girl-love, hath ere now
An altered look, altho' her eye
Beams gently still, and tenderly.
She beareth too another name,
Hath other love to guide,
And many a young and loving one,
Calls " Mother " at her side ;
Happy she is, and dearly loves,
Yet sometimes visions of the groves
Round childhood's home will to her bring
Remembrance of that welling spring ;
And then a tender smile, and tear,
Tell that his memory still is dear.

THE CONVICT.

Gloomily rung the prison bell,
Its sound boom'd hoarse in the convict's cell ;
It rous'd from the heavy sleep of woe,
One who her country must soon forego,
Who in little space must leave its strand
For a felon's life in a foreign land,
There to suffer, to pine, to die ;—
Oh ! was not this waking to misery !

She woke from a dream of her early days,
From a ramble along the field-pathways ;
From a vision of hall, and old church spire,
The song of her mother, the kiss of her sire ;

From gathering flowers in wood and dell,
With the childish playmates, she loved so well ;
And she heard in her dream the laugh of glee,
The song of the birds in the old beech tree,
And the prayer that she learned at her mother's knee.

She woke from her dream, from her vision's glow,
To the jailer's footsteps sullen and slow ;
To sound of the key in the grating ward,
To the measured step of the watchful guard ;
To gleam of sunbeams brokenly thrown
On the dark damp walls of frowning stone ;
She woke to the mem'ry of sin and shame,
Of years of guilt, and a prisoner's name ;
She raised her head with a wistful sigh,—
Oh ! was it not waking to misery !

She looked around,—oh ! who saw she there ?
With grief-worn face, and silvery hair !
Who knelt by her side ? Who spoke in a tone
Making past years and the present seem one ?
Had journey'd long miles, his limbs old and weak,
To weep on her breast, to kiss her wan cheek ?
She gazed on his face with a glazed eye,
Old thoughts and feelings rush'd rapidly by,
Till passion burst forth in the outcry wild,
My Father ! my Father ! pity thy child !

Oh Love and Life ! strange meetings have ye !
Who, in his home's sweet sanctuary,
The cheek of his young, his innocent child,
Glowing before him, pure, undefil'd,
Ever durst dream that sin could bedim
The face that was joy and rapture to him ?
Yet, in this dark, this crime-haunted spot,
By all unheeded, by most forgot,
She who had lisped by her father's side,
Had read at his chair, his joy and pride ;
Had left her first home for a wayward love,
And seen that love all treach'rous prove ;
Had wandered for years the guilty thing,
On which the world its scorn doth fling ;
Felt once again sweet familiar words
Steal o'er her heart, till its harden'd chords
Softened beneath them, till the warm tear
Gushed down her cheek, and she knew she was dear
Yet to one heart ; all forgotten her pain,
She sank on the breast where a child she had lain.

A few days more, and o'er the sea,
A tall ship sped its way ;
The free wind sung in its spreading sails,
Sad hearts within it lay.

But one there was 'mid that convict crew,
Who bore on her faded cheek
The chast'ning marks of sorrow's touch,
In her look subdued and meek :
Love had sent its purest light
T' illumine her darken'd mind,
And many a thankful prayer she said
For the father left behind ;
And when upon her life's last couch
She lay with struggling breath,
The same bright ray of Love Divine
Illum'd the path of Death.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE LOVER OF NATURE'S FAREWELL.

" Beautiful !

How beautiful is all this fair free world,
Under God's open sky."

" My soul hath sent her farewell."

MRS. HEMANS.

There is a gentle freshness in the wind,
That plays across my brow, and cools
The fever of the soul, which leaves behind
Its burning traces ; feeling rules
This hour of autumn calm, and fancy strays
O'er shortening life, and quickly-fading days.

Beautiful earth ! how deep within my soul
Hath love of thy bright glory been ;
How hath my heart drunk fondly in the whole,
The touching beauty of thy evening scene ;
Thy gem-like flowers, thy fountain's murmuring fall,
That made the star-lit air so musical.

The gushing of the lonely forest rills,
The bird upon the mountain pine ;
The free fresh air among the swelling hills,
The glory of thy canopy divine ;—
All these have done in solitude their part,
And saved me from that loneliness of heart

Which the tired spirit oft will feel, when some
Of earth's fond fancies have deceived ;
And brighter soothings to my heart hath come,
When over fading hopes I grieved,
From the meek bending of some gentle flower,
The minist'ring spirit of the mournful hour.

Fair earth ! I woo'd thee in thy loneliest haunts—
Sought the dim shadow of thy woods ;
Found in thy temples aidings to my wants,
Cheerings upon my saddest moods ;
And now I come to lay me on thy breast,
And ask of thy green turf a spot of rest.

I may not seek thee more,—nor dewy morn
Nor fading eve shall see me now ;
The love of thy bright things was with me born,
To thee was paid my early vow ;
Now take my farewell, let our parting be
In the green twilight of my own roof tree.

And these fond yearnings of my soul—shall they
With earthly things decay and die ?
Oh! no ; the dawning of another day
Shall come to greet my dying eye ;
Another world, a sky than this more bright,
God on his throne, the glory and the light !

LINES WRITTEN ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

Oh ! dream not here one worldly thought,—
 Speak not a heedless word,
But let thy soul in this calm night,
Wing onwards in its heavenward flight,
 E'en as a bird.

Tell not a tale of earth-born woe,
 Breathe not an anxious sigh ;
And if thy heart hath worldly been,
Come forth unto this glorious scene,
 Gaze at this sky.

There is the soft pale canopy
 Of night ; a risen moon,
White sailing clouds,—a single star ;—
'Tis all the picture, but afar
 'Twill call thee soon.

For should a darker cloud o'ershade
The gliding planet's place,
A line, first pale, then brighter tells
That breaking are the gloomy spells
That hide her face.

Oh! look upon it with an eye
Of Faith's sublimest ken;
See in that light which hangs above,
An image of the enduring love
Of God to men.

Then pray, that when He sends a cloud
Upon thy path awhile,
Through the dark shade thy soul may see
The bright ray of Eternity
Shine, as His smile.

A SONG OF FAREWELL.

“When will ye think of me kind friends?—MRS. HEMANS.

When will ye think of me!—Oh let it be,
When night's approaching gloom spreads o'er the lea,
When round the winter's hearth and cheerful blaze
Ye hold sweet converse of past happy days :
Then think of me.

When Autumn's tints are spread upon the woods,
And the bright sunlight throws its gorgeous floods,
Upon their hue ; when bush and brake are laid
In the soft brilliancy by sunset made ;
Then think of me.

When by some gurgling stream ye dreaming lie,
Where arching trees shut out the noontide sky,
And linger o'er some rich pure strain of old
By one of Poesy's inspired ones told ;

Then think of me.

When on the hallowed morn the breeze's swell
Wafts forth the music of the Sabbath bell ;
In the hushed hour of holiness and prayer,
When ye ask blessings for your loved ones there ;

Then think of me.

When will ye think of me ? Oh blend my name
With what ye love the most ; let it remain
A link of recollection to the past,
Which was too beautiful on earth to last :
Blend it with music's strain, and when ye tell
Tales of the early dead, who loved ye well ;

Then think of me.

THE WARRIOR'S FUNERAL.

Peal forth the sad bell's tone ;
Be hush'd the song round the festive board,
Lower'd the banner, sheathed the sword,—
A chief from his place is gone.

Sad is each noble brow ;
No more shall he head their war career,
'Gainst gleaming blade and serried spear ;
Woe for his warriors now !

Measured and slow the tread
Of the soldier-train, as it pass'd to day ;
Though dazzling it shone in its rich array,
Its march was with the dead.

They carried him on his bier,
Whose eye in the hour of battle flashed,
When the charging squadron onward dashed,
Whose shout was one of cheer.

Riderless there his steed,
For the hand is stiff that guided the rein
To the thickest fight on the battle plain,
To many a gallant deed.

And thus doth the strong man lie !
Whose plume was foremost where none would yield,
Whose arm had won on the hard-fought field,
Whose watchword, " Victory ! "

A wailing for the brave !
Comrades, ye list for his voice in vain,
Earth home to earth hath called back again—
He passes to his grave.

The bugle's wail is done ;
The white robed priest hath prayed by the tomb,
The volley hath flashed forth its pealing boom—
The chief is left alone !

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

There was a lone neglected mound,
Rank weeds and nettles grew around,
No tender hand had smoothed the sod,
The careless foot had o'er it trod,
No sorrowing eye e'er shed a tear,
Only the hoarse wave murmured near ;
No sigh of pity, love e'er gave.
And why ? It was a Stranger's grave.

It stood alone, the wild wind's sigh
Moan'd thro' the weeds in sweeping by ;
The summer's sun shone brightly round,
Green leaves and flow'rets decked the ground,
But then the tall grass only wav'd
In silence o'er the Stranger's grave.

She came from far ; where southern vines
Hang clust'ring over ruined shrines ;
Where dark eyes glance, where music's tone
Breathes in each word ; where swift and lone

The barque at midnight skims the sea
Of cloudless heavened Italy.

She came from home ; where the bright beam
Affection sheds, doth ever gleam ;
She left it for our northern land,
A fair-haired stranger sought her hand,
And told her, o'er the darkening sea,
In his mountain home 'mid the brave and free,
She should reign the queen of his princely hall,
His own lov'd maid, more dear than all
The wealth and honours earth e'er gave—
She came ; and there's the Stranger's grave.

I've trod her own bright land, and seen
The hills were oft in youth she'd been ;
I've stood beneath the chesnut tree,
Which spreads its branches beauteously
O'er the low cot where first she dwelt
In happy childhood ; and I've felt,
As o'er my cheek the perfumed breeze
Wafted its incense from the trees,
And whispered with a dying moan,
O'er the deserted threshold stone,
As still I heard the northern wave
Hoarse murmuring near the Stranger's grave.

THE CONQUEROR'S BURIAL. ⁽¹⁰⁾

'Twas in Caen's cathedral aisle,—
The morning sunbeams shone
On its pillared arches tall,
Its tombs of sculptured stone :
Chieftains were gathered there
With strong and haughty tread,
And priests, in holy robe and stole
Prayed by the mighty dead.
Banners were hung above the bier,
A broken lance lay by,
A coat of mail, and helmet, shone
In solemn pageantry ;
And round, with gloomy brow, there stood
A mailed and noble ring,
The Norman's belted knights, to watch
The burial of their king.
The chaunt had ceased, the mass was said,
And to the tomb they bore
The coffined chief,—while flag and spear,
Drooping, their glories wore ;

And mournfully the requiem rung,
Its sad and solemn tone,
As they pass'd to lay the warrior down,
In his cold bed of stone.
"Ye come not here!" thus rose a voice,
By the very grave, to say,
"Not in the shadow of Caen's aisle
That soldier's dust ye lay;
No right hath he to the tomb ye made,
Back with your holy sign,
I face ye, Barons, in your strength,—
Back, for the place is mine!"

Dark grew each brow, and quick the flash
Of the sudden lifted spear;
But firmer the voice of that peasant bold,
"Back! for ye come not here;
Here stood my home, with its glowing hearth,
Where my sire his children reared;
Safely we gathered beneath its roof,
Till your bastard king appeared;
He fell'd the tree that o'ershadow'd us,
From the walls he pull'd each stone,
And built, in his pride, a lofty dome,
To the Great Eternal One.
A robber's gift God accepteth not,
Return with your holy sign;

The hand is cursed that spoils the poor,
Back, for the place is mine ! ”
And thus they stood by the yawning grave,
The peasant with flashing eye,
The burial train with anger mute,
The dead king lying by :
And wonder fell on all who heard,
On Prelate, Priest, and Lord,
And softly to the man they spoke,
With many an urgent word ;
Both gold and gems they lavish'd free,
To have his ban unsaid ;
And at length within his chosen tomb
The Conqueror's bones were laid ;
But to many a mailéd breast was told,
This lesson stern that day,—
Not always Might, in the place of Right,
Goeth uncheck'd its way.

A DREAM.

I roam'd thro' forest, I wander'd o'er hill,
I sought the valley where bubbled the rill,
I rang'd the green islands where mines of gold
Lay beneath their green surface ; 'mid ruins old,
The beautiful relics of long past time
I sought me a home ; in the wintry clime
Of the freezing north,—'mid isles of the west,
I wander'd and sought, but found there no rest.

And glorious indeed was many a sight
That greeted my wanderings—the heavenly light
Of the moon in her beauty,—the splendid ray,
When the sun departs with the light of day,
Yet leaves in his path a lingering glow,
The mark of his footsteps ; the arching bow
In the cloudy sky, sweet Mercy's token,
Like a smile of love to a heart near broken.

And the works of man, in his pride and pow'r,
His pomp and splendour,—that thing of an hour!
His pleasures and sorrows, his hopes and fears,
His glowing mornings, his evening tears ;
I saw them all, but I turned me away,
Oh wherefore my spirit, here must it stay !
And I cried aloud in my aching dearth,
“ Oh what *canst* thou give me, thou weary Earth? ”

Then a voice arose on the torrent loud,
There came the swell of a trumpet proud,
And a figure pass'd by me, in lordly array,
“ Come join thee my banner, I may not stay,
They call me Fame, and thy glory I'll spread,
Till nations shall mourn, and hallow thee, dead,”
But I shrank from her praise, I loathed her name,
Oh what hath a mortal to do with Fame !

A light sound spread through the flutt'ring leaves,
Like a bird's soft rustling beneath the eaves,
A form appeared,—I glanced the while
At her joyous looks, when with witching smile
She beckon'd me forth amid the throng
That echo'd her footsteps with dance and song ;
“ My name is Pleasure, a fairy home,
I'll give in my palace, come stranger, come.”

Bright roses were twined amidst her hair,
Her voice was pleasant, her looks were fair,
But I knew her lures were a mockery, all,
I knew the flowers round her brow would fall
To earth all faded ; I knew the tone,
She charmed with now, would change to the groan
Of bitter remorse ; and I scorned her wiles,
Her cheating pleasures, her treach'rous smiles.

On the evening breeze's gentle swell,
A bright figure came ; like the lily's bell,
'Mid the shadowy leaves on some green bank's side,
Was her graceful form ; and while Pleasure's tide
Of flatt'ers and follies before her fled,
Her voice like sweet music thus murmured,
" My name is Religion, come dwell with me,
And bright are the treasures I'll give to thee."

I bow'd me before her, Oh, take me, I cried,
From the woes of earth, its pomps and its pride ;
Oh! take me far hence, to some other sphere,
And leave me not longer to wander here,
In all the pangs of my soul's wild moan,—
This is not, this is not my spirit's home !
She spake again, and her words were mild
And soft as the breath of a sleeping child.

"I gladly will take thee, and make thee mine,
And I sign thy brow with my holy Sign ;
Thou must follow my paths thro' good and ill,
Thou must watch thy heart and thy passions still ;"
She breathed a breath o'er my weary soul,
And into my heart her holiness stole,
And she pointed above to the glowing skies,
"It is there, it is there, thou'lt find the prize."

A voice now rose with the nightwind's sigh,
A cold chill rushed, and a form stood nigh ;
His cheek was hollow, his eyeballs dim,
All things around us trembled at him ;
The shrinking flowers, as he passed their side,
Bowed their heads in terror, and bowing, died,—
His withering touch, and his icy breath,
Told the name of the fearful image—Death.

I shrank aside, but he shook his cold dart
With a grisly smile at my fainting heart ;
I turned to her I so lately had sworn
To serve and follow ; she smiled, as the morn
When it breaks o'er the hills, at my shrinking fear ;—
"I told thee no prize for my servants was here,
The figure thou see'st, is sent thee to give,
The reward I promised ;—trust to me, and live !"

One touch from her hand, and the tyrant's place
Was fill'd by a sylph with an angel's face ;
She breath'd on his dart, and before my sight
It threw forth bright rays of refulgent light ;
Bright waving curls, in their richness roll'd
To his feet in masses of pale gold,
With a look as sweet as the heavenly maid
Who disarmed his sting, his hand he laid
On my throbbing breast ; my spirit is free !
Oh ! Death, bright Death, thou'rt welcome to me !

T R E E S.

The Trees, the Trees, the beautiful Trees !
How gracefully bend they to the breeze !
The bright spring sky peeps merrily through
Their waving boughs, with its eye of blue ;
How light and dancing their shade is thrown
By the gentle ray of the gliding moon !
Each slender leaf hath a silver tip,
Whiter than foam on the sea-wave's lip,
Oh, sweet to the ear with the midnight breeze,
Is your gentle rustling, youthful trees !

The Trees, the Trees, the glorious Trees !
Rich in the summer our sight to please ;
The scented limes hang down their shade,
The arms of the oak a grove have made,
A murmuring sound is through them sent,
Like music above in the firmament ;
The cushat dwells in their shady bower,
And calls to her love in the twilight hour,

The blackbird sings from his leafy screen,
The throstle her nest has there unseen ;
Who doth not love sights and sounds like these ?
Ye are strong in your manhood, towering Trees !

The Trees, the Trees, the gorgeous Trees !
Birds from lands o'er the billowy seas,
No brighter colours have o'er them spread,—
Beauteous they are, and unnumbered ;
The leafy boughs still richly fling
A noonday shade o'er the bubbling spring ;
The birds yet sing 'mid their lone retreat,
And we stop to list with ling'ring feet ;—
But with all the splendour of their hue,
Decay, and Death are hastening too,
Scatter'd they'll be by the autumn breeze—
Ye are fading, fading, splendid Trees !

Alas ! the Trees, the deserted Trees !
Where green leaves hung, now ice drops freeze ;
Their leafy crown is withered and gone,
Like earthly hopes falling one by one,
And the wreathing snow on the black'ned bough,
Is all that forms their coronal now ;
No perfume is lent the passing wind,
No shelter is given the starving hind ;
We hear nor birds, nor humming bees ;—
Your glory hath vanished, spectral Trees !

Fair Trees ! ye have a lesson given,
Bright guides ye are on our path to Heaven ;
Like yours, our youthful beauty spent,
Like yours, our lofty manhood's strength ;
Then autumn ripe, but fading, shews,
The unsheltered path to age's snows ;
But then, bright Trees, our second spring,
Shall aye remain, with folded wing ;
And Beauty, Glory, all shall be
Our own ! throughout Eternity.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER VISITING AN
INFANT SCHOOL.

Hist ! to those low breath'd sounds, so soft and clear,
That fall like murmuring waters on the ear ;
Hark ! to those childish accents, lisping words
Of holy import ; strike they not the chords
Of deep, deep feeling ?—my heart bounds again
Responsive to that sweetly simple strain,—
Passes the melody, in echo dim,
The ling'ring beauty of the Infant's Hymn.

Is it not lovely ? Gaze on yonder scene.
Faces and forms of morning's youngest beam
Are rang'd before thee ; snatch'd from vice and woe,
And taught within the narrow path to go ;
Taught, the strait road of virtue's way to keep,
And brought thus early to their Saviour's feet ;
Oh ! bow thy heart in humble pray'r, that He
Will bless the objects of this Charity.

Oh ! while I look upon these Infant forms,
Thus brought to seek their God, my spirit warms
Within me ; I forget the spell, the sound
Of all things worldly, aught that ever bound
The soul below,—all poverty and care,
All sin and shame, and see before me there,
Spirits preparing for a heavenly prize,
And young Immortals travelling to the skies.

Ye humble Infant ones ! who lowly bow
At that great Sacred name ye nam'd just now,
Pray that His precepts may for ever dwell,
Strong in your hearts,—praise ye, and serve ye well
That Holy Name—He bade the feeble come,
And seek with Him, a bright and heav'nly home,
And when young children stood around his knees,
He said, " My kingdom is of such as these."
Praise Him and serve Him well, and then shall ye,
In Heaven dwell with Him, through Eternity.

SONG OF THE ADOPTED.

My home, my home ! my lowly home !
Oh ! wherefore doth thy shadow come
And haunt my heart, and flush my brow,
And bow my spirit ? Wherefore now,
When all around is bright and gay,
Thus ever near me ling'ring stay
The voices of thy still-lov'd hearth ?
Oh ! who can tell the heart's own dearth !

They give me jewels from the mine,
And flowers 'mid my hair they twine ;
They bid me join the dancer's throng,
Or list the merry minstrel's song ;
Forms are around me, bright and fair,
And kind looks too, but are *they* there
Who bent beside my cradle bed,
Who pillow'd on their breast my head ?

They give me gems, they give me gold,
And many a flatt'ring tale is told ;
But can they give my father's voice,
And thus my weary heart rejoice ?
Or bring my mother's gentle eye,
To watch me fondly ? Why, oh, why,
My lowly, but my beauteous home,
Thus haunting, doth thy shadow come ?

Where is my brother's bounding step ?
Goeth he to the fountain yet,
The trickling fountain, where the leaves
Of the long fern wave with the breeze ?
And music from the blackbird's note,
Fills the lone valley with its note ?
My sister !—doth she wander now
Under the lime tree's scented bough ?

They are not here ! ye do not bring
Back to my heart its master-spring ;
Ye have bright things, but bid the tree
That crowns their dwelling bend o'er me ;
Give me again the thrilling tone
That pure affection calls its own ;
And, would ye bid health's roses come
And paint my cheek,—oh ! take me Home !

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

ON THE ENVELOPE OF WHICH WAS WRITTEN, WITH HER OWN HAND,

"YOUR MOTHER'S HAIR."

"Your Mother's Hair!" but simple words,
Yet strike they strongly mem'ry's chords;
They shew me, through my rising tears,
Records of days of other years;
They throw across my fancy some
Bright visions of my early home;
They tell me that the days are gone
When I could call that home my own.

How mournfully this sever'd tress
Reminds me of past happiness !
The low sweet voice, whose accents thrill
Upon my heart,—I hear it still !—
The tender care, the soft dark eye,
Watching her dear ones constantly ;
And more than this, th' unwearied love,
That shone all other things above.

The hour when, hushing childish glee,
We knelt beside our mother's knee ;
And whisper'd in the quiet there,
The breathings of our ev'ning pray'r ;—
The voice that bless'd our youthful head,
The soft " Good Night " at parting said,
The tenderness of look and tone ;—
How beautiful on us they shone !

The dear home-faces round our hearth,
The game that raised our childish mirth ;
The tale of knight or robber bold,
The mournful song of Scotland old ;
Or in a ruder, simpler rhyme,
Some ballad of the " olden time ;"—
Those hours I never more can see,
But bright their memory is to me.

Dark waving curl ! on thee I gaze,
And thou art changed since other days ;
Amid the deep shade of thy hue
A paler ray is gleaming too ;
Those silv'ry threads tell of long years
Pass'd in this pilgrimage of tears ;
Of beauty faded,—oh ! how much,
By the rude blight of sorrow's touch !

My mother, thou alas ! not now
May smile a shadow from my brow,
For we are parted ; and though fain
I'd hush me on thy breast again,
Yet duty's stern, unflinching course,
Divides me from my parent source,
And keeps me absent still from thee,
Though Life bring joy or misery.

And yet there are some dreamy hours,
When Hope again exerts her powers ;
And then she whispers, there may come
A day to call the wand'rer home ;
My mother ! I cannot express
The strength of the wild happiness
Those day-dreams give ; they shew the track
That leads to haunts of childhood back.

But though we ne'er again should see
The same roof bend o'er thee and me ;
Though other forms and love have power
Upon my heart ; yet, till the hour
When life departs, thy name shall be
A spell of deepest strength to me ;
Blest may'st thou be, where'er thou'lt dwell,
My own dear Mother ! Fare thee well !

OH! BRING ME NOT TO COURTLY HALLS.

Oh! bring me not to courtly Halls,
Mine be the heathy hill, where falls
Heaven's sun and dew; where odours shed
Their balm around; where over head
The lark sings gaily towards the sky,
And cheers us with his minstrelsy;—
These are the joys that never pall;
Oh! not for me be the courtly Hall!

I could not leave the woody glade,
Nor quit the forest's leafy shade;
I would not lose the flowing rill
Whose soothing murmurs echo still
In ev'ning silence; nor, tho' fair
Thy city, could I breathe its air:
Oh! no, its domes and tow'rs would be
But emblems of captivity.

Mine, mine, be nature's charms alone,
Far away from the busy town ;
The humming bee, the breezy heath,
The budding trees, the honied breath
Of all the blooming flowers that lie
In beauty 'neath the deep blue sky,
The rushing of the waterfall ;—
But not, oh, not the courtly Hall !

A PAINTED GROUP OF RED AND
WHITE ROSES.

Bring the Rose, the red, red Rose,
Bind it over blooming brows,
Let the merry dance and song
Thro' the night their sounds prolong,
Set the wine-cup on the board,
Let the merry laugh afford
Joyous strains,—but why, ye fair,
Unbind your Rose-wreaths?—thorns are there!

Bring the Rose, the pale white Rose,
To deck the maid in Death's repose;
Lay it on her icy breast,
Fit emblem of her holy rest;
Tho' sobs bewail, tears dim the eye,
Nor maid, nor flower will heed the cry;
Her soul is now in bliss, and knows
No wounding thorn, no earthly Rose.

Bring a Rose, a withered Rose,
Nor proudly cast it from your brows,
Meet picture is it of a breast,
Earthly in view, in hopes unblest,
Hast seen thy rosy buds decay?
Have earthly blossoms pass'd away?
Then seek thou Heaven, there only grows
An everlasting, thornless Rose.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED FROM A SCENE IN THE CONCLUDING VOLUME OF THE

"WATER WITCH."

The sails are set, my vessel's prow,
In all her pride, breasts the waters now ;
Once more she floats, like a beauteous queen,
On the broad blue billow, her pageant scene ;
Time presses fast, yet ere I go,
One parting word thou wilt bestow,
Eudore, on him who long hath been
The sharer of thy sea-life's dream,
A farewell,—it may be the last ;
The sun is up, time presses fast.

The maiden turned a hurried look,
A glance at her new-found home she took ;
Then gazed again at the heaving sea,—
“ ’Twas my childhood’s home, and it now shall be
The one I will choose,”—her hand she laid
On his arm the while, then trembling said,
“ I will go with thee, thy home is mine,
For oh ! I am thine, and only thine ! ”

“ But thou hast a home on the glad green earth,
Thou may’st list to the birds in their summer’s mirth ;
Thou hast friends and a country, a hearth and a home,
Where the perils I meet with can never come ;
Thou may’st wander at will on this beauteous shore,
And leave the terror of Ocean’s roar ; ”
But the maiden murmur’d, her head reclin’d
On his manly breast—“ Thine ! only Thine ! ”

“ But hist thee again ; thou knowest I go
Where the battles rage, where the whirlwinds blow ;
Thou know’st my name is a name of fear,
Canst thou bear that name, nor let a tear,
E’en in thy dreams, tell that thou griev’st,
To have left the land which now thou leav’st ?
Canst thou happy be in my wandering lot,
The wife of an outlaw, proscribed, forgot ? ”
As the tendrils cling, of the drooping vine,
So clung she and whisper’d—“ Thine ! only Thine ! ”

A flash of pride exulting flew,
O'er the sailor's beaming eye of blue ;
" Now art thou mine ! and mine alone,
Well and nobly thy love is shewn ;
Our hopes are one, our home the same,
Through good and ill, through praise and blame ;
We'll leave the murmur of forest leaves,
For the crested wave, and the whistling breeze ;
A sailor's home again is thine,
Mine own Eudore ! Now art thou mine ! "

R E M E M B E R M E .

You bid me wake the muse's lyre
And chaunt with a poetic fire ;—
You bid me tune th' harmonious string
And words in measured cadence sing,
That the soft wish, "Remember me,"
The burden of my song should be.

E'en be it so : those accents fell,
When last we whispered a farewell,
Upon mine ear ; and I have dwelt
Upon their sound, till I have felt
No other tones could ever be
So dear, as thy "Remember me."

And when to foreign lands I roam
Far, far from that lov'd spot, my home ;
When parted by the billowy sea,
And all I love is—Memory !
Will thy affection faithful be,
And wilt thou then “ Remember me ? ”

For oft in that calm pensive hour
When moonbeams shine o'er ruin'd tow'r,
When Memory loves to weep and pore
O'er joys and pleasures now no more,
Then will I breathe a sigh to thee,
And think I hear “ Remember me.”

I charge thee, then, ere now we part,
I charge thee by my breaking heart ;—
By every fount, and valley green,
Where oft together we have been,
By the deep grief I dare not tell,
By the wild accents of farewell,
By every vow I've pledged with thee,—
I charge thee to “ Remember me ! ”

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

Know ye what it is to mark,
Earth's bright baubles all grow dark ?
Know ye what it is to prove,
How short and frail the stranger's love ?
O, then, ye have come the worth to learn,
Of the Old Familiar Faces.

Know ye what it is to lie,
In pain and sickness heavily,
With none but hired feet to tread,
With careless step around your bed ?
Oh, then, you know what 'tis to yearn
For the Old Familiar Faces.

Have ye seen the proud man's scorn ?
Felt your heart grow sad and lorn ?
Have ye found, what most can tell,
How few there are who love ye well ?
Oh, then, ye know love's lamp doth burn
 With the Old Familiar Faces.

Old ! the very word endears ;
Who have wiped our earliest tears ?
Who have soothed away our grief,
When nought beside could give relief,
But with kind hand and sweet concern,
 The Old Familiar Faces ?

God be with them, one and all !
His best gifts upon them fall ;
Deeply in my heart they live,
And whatever life may give,
Or joy, or grief, with love I'll turn
 To the Old Familiar Faces.

S O N G.

No more, no more, we meet no more,
Receive my parting lay ;
A mournful one it fain must be,
Thy love has pass'd away ;
The name my heart throbb'd quick to hear
Must now forgotten be ;
I did not think I could have said
A last farewell to thee.

My path must be a distant one,
From all that tells of thee ;
And thoughts of happiness now gone,
Alone my portion be :
Sadness and woe, and loneliness,
Must strew my passage o'er ;
Thou wilt not share its bitterness,
For here we meet no more.

COME TO ME.

Come to me! for I weary now
Of the long hours apart from thee;
Come to me! that affection's glow
May kindle into ecstasy;
And I once more may be to thee,
A sharer of thy joy or misery.

I pine me for thy voice,—its tones
Have o'er my heart a magic power,
Stirring the current of that love
Which yet is strong, as at the hour
When fervently I spoke the binding vow;—
Oh! deeply doth my heart thrill to it now!

Come, for thy breast I yearn;—the rest
It ever gave 'twill give again;
Come, that thy tenderness may soothe,
As it was wont, an hour of pain;
And while I feel thy arm around me press,
May yield me to my spirit's happiness.

Another spell,—our babe's young eye
Is kindling brighter day by day ;
Come thou and bless the baby girl
Who will throw sunshine on our way ;
A tendril round our hearts, a blessing, sent
To be our own, our household ornament.

Come then, for when I bend the knee
The Spirit's blessing to implore,
My heart in sadness misses thee,
Who by my side had knelt before :
And sighs will mingle with the prayers I send,
And mournful thoughts with heav'nly hopes will blend.

My parted one! I see thy form
In the still visions of the night,
No longer be it but in dreams,
Come, thou, and bless my eager sight,—
Oh! love hath happiness all else beyond,
Back then beloved, to thy true and fond ;
Come to me !

THE LABOURER'S EVENING SONG.

WRITTEN TO A GERMAN AIR.

The twilight hour steals gently on,
The toilsome day is o'er ;
The bee and bird have ceased their song,
And we need work no more :
The ev'ning star shines in the sky,
Our children know the hour is nigh ;
Homeward, Homeward—
Home we wend our way !

We have borne the weight of Labour's toil
For the lov'd ones at our home ;
And childhood's eye, and their mother's smile
Will brighten when we come :
The dearest gift from Heaven above,
Is the soft gush of household love :
Homeward, homeward—
Our path is to our home !

A CRADLE SONG.

Oh! hush thee, my baby boy,
Be my bosom thy couch awhile,
And the soft dim shade of thy fringed lids
Hide thy bright eyes' gentle smile ;
Already the downy wing
Of slumber is hov'ring nigh,
We'll welcome its presence, and woo its rest
With a mother's lullaby.

No sorrow hast thou to scare
From thine eyes their calm repose,
For all of life thou dost know is yet
But the budding of the rose ;
The lures and wiles of earth
For thee have yet no charm,
And slight is the strength that can guard thee now,
The shield of thy mother's arm.

Oh! baby, in after years,
When memory's store is all
That can tell of the past, or speak to thee
Of affection beyond recall;
Perchance, when world-weary and worn,
Some thought may bring murmuring by,
Like a far-off echo, the spirit tone
Of thy mother's lullaby!

Sleep shadows thy face, my child,
Oh! grateful its shelter be!
And thy dreams, my baby, be dreams of love,
Sent from Heaven to visit thee;
Oh! holy the calm that's shed
On thy cherub lip and brow,
And well might earth's Mighty their crowns fling down,
For rest such as thine is now!

WATER—AIR—EARTH. (11)

“My mother earth.”—BYRON.

Bring wine, bring wine to the festive board,
Full and high be the goblet stored ;
Quaff the draught 'mid the incense high,
Of song, and laugh, and revelry ;
Poets may rave of the flowing rill,
Ours be the rosy grape-cup still ;
Minstrels may chaunt of the sparkling spring,
Be ours the brilliancy wine will bring !
Give wine ! give wine !

The sick man lay on his couch of down,
And vassals mov'd at a nod or frown ;
Beside his bed is a crystal cup,
And with purple juice it is blushing up ;
He moves, he speaks—what needs he now ?
Is there not wine for his pallid brow ?
Will not the dew of the grape so much
As cool the flame of his fever'd touch ?
Oh ! what doth he ask for, that dying king ?
“ Bring Water ! fresh Water, cold from the spring ! ”

A gay saloon, a crowded hall,
Perfum'd lamps for a festival ;
Rich and lustrous the jewels shone,
A kingdom's ransom were worth but one ;
Rare flowers shed their od'rous breath,
And gleam'd in the hair a fairy-wreath ;
Sculptur'd figures of Parian stone,
Bent in their beauty, as though alone
They stood in the light of a Grecian sky,
And worshippers knelt in ecstasy :
Methinks 'twere well to be lord of all
The wealth on the mirror'd and pictur'd wall,
'Twere surely well to receive the meed
Of high renown and chivalrous deed,—
Yet, with pallid look, and faint reply,
The lord of that splendour passes by ;

He bends his form with a feeble wail,
His colourless cheek is yet more pale ;
Something he murmurs in faintness there—
“ Away, away, give me Air, fresh Air ! ”

Take one from the city's living horde,
Unto him be Earth's choicest treasures pour'd,
Load him with gifts, and gems and gold,
With robes of price, and wealth untold,
Be his name like a flaming beacon spread,
His deeds in the page of truth be read,
Yet years speed on ; his hair is grey,
Life's long shadows darken his way,
And the dream has pass'd. With paces slow
Back to their homes the mourners go ;
The state is over, the funeral done,
The world's last goal at length been won :
For with closed eye and nerveless breast,
On his “ Mother Earth ” he is laid to rest.

Oh ! is it not thus in our moral life ?
We war for glory, we strive with strife,
We toil for riches, we labour for Fame,
That fading wreath to a dying name,
Till wearied and spent ; and the sweet revealings
That Nature could breathe to our purer feelings,

The hopes and pleasures she scatters by,
Whether dark the clouds, or sunny the sky ;
The heart's best treasures, Faith, Hope, and Love,
We lightly scorn ; and when are wove
The twining folds of that " silver cord "
On which the deeds of a life are stor'd,
Worthless and soil'd, its length is shewn,
Alas ! alas ! the work is our own !

STANZAS.

Yes, 'tis a weary world,
A world of cark and care,
Where the best aid it gives to grief
Is cold and calm despair ;
There's a shadow on its bloom,
A blight upon its flow'rs,
And the gloom that should dwell with night,
Darkens the morning hours ;
Take me away,

They tell me earth is glad,
In "beautiful array,"
That she scatters joys with a lavish hand
Through the sunny summer's day.
They say that life is bright
While youthful feelings glow,
Perchance I have a wintry heart,
For mine hath not been so ;
Take me away.

They tell, that there are ties -
To fill the loving heart,
But, alas! there are none for me,
Mine is a lonely part:
I never knew parent's love,
Have none to wish me near,
And none who, in sorrow or pain,
Would smile away a tear;
Take me away.

Oh! do not say the day
Is bright, or e'er can be;
Will music dwell amid the boughs
When leaves have left the tree?
I once had brighter dreams,
But they were quickly gone,
And none will mourn my absence now,
For I am all alone;
Take me away.

I SAW HIM PRAY.

I saw him pray; 'twas in childhood's time,
One eve of beauty, in summer's prime,
He knelt in love by his mother's side,
The mother who look'd with chasten'd pride
On her fair boy; and his young lips mov'd
In lisping words, to his Father above.

I saw him pray; alas! there was woe;
And tears cours'd down in their rapid flow
O'er his pale cheek; he knelt, as of old,
By his mother's side, but her lips were cold,—
Her voice bless'd not now that youthful head;
He knelt in grief,—he pray'd by the Dead.

I saw him pray ; many years had flown,
And his voice had gain'd a deeper tone ;
The blush of youth from his cheek had fled,
The hue of manhood was o'er it spread ;
And he knelt beneath his own home tree,
Glad looks were round him of youthful glee,
And he pray'd the God he had serv'd and known,
To bless and strengthen his lov'd, his own.

Behold him pray ! he kneels not now,
For Death has breath'd on his pallid brow ;
His eye is dim, and his strength has fail'd,—
But soon to his soul will be unveil'd
The bliss he has sought,—Hist ! one low pray'r !—
His spirit flew to her glory there !

A DREAM OF HOME.

"Hark ! the home-voices call."—MRS. HEWANS.

My home ! my childhood's home, my father's hall !
Oh ! bright and beauteous are the rays that fall
Across my spirit ; for again I see,
In fancy's picture, things long hid from me ;
And in this hour of dark disease and pain,
Voices long mute are calling me again !

Oh ! thou wert beautiful, thou cherish'd spot !
While life remains thou wilt not be forgot ;
Thy forest splendour, and thy waters clear,
Thy pastures free, where roamed the timid deer ;
All crowd before me, and my bosom swell
With mingled feelings, words would fail to tell.

And they, the loved, the loving,—where are they ?
Call'd in their beauty to Eternal day !
Yet, still methinks I see those faces fair,
And hear the murmur of that ev'ning pray'r ;
Fancy I feel upon my care-worn brow
The kiss bestowed at parting, even now.

But years have pass'd, and years both long and lone,
Since last I dwelt beneath thy roof, my home !
Strangers possess thee, and thy courts are now
Th' abode of others ; and of those whom thou
Knew in days gone, not one is left, but he
Who mourns in dying o'er a dream of thee !

And now that vision fades ; the dream is gone,
And I am in a far-off-land—alone ;
Yet not alone, for thou, oh ! God, art nigh,
And look'st upon me with a gracious eye,
Will be my Comforter, and give to me
A home, a mansion in Eternity.

And tho' in this dread hour, no father's hand
Press mine in anguish ; none in sorrow stand
Beside my pillow ; tho' no mother's voice
Breathes holy words that bid the soul rejoice ;
Yet thou art with me, and thy arm sustains
My soul, tho' weak with many mortal pains :
Receive my spirit Lord ! to Thee I come,
And leave Earth's beauty, for a Heavenly home.

COMMUNINGS.

CONSCIENCE.—SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

"Awake! thou that sleepest."—EPHESIANS—5th.

CONSCIENCE.

Spirit awake! and let us calmly view
This earth, where thou now dwell'st and ling'rest too;
Arouse thee sleeper! for the gladsome day
Is wearing surely, steadily away,
And though the shades of eve not yet are thrown
Across thy path, thou light and thoughtless one,
Yet, listen to my voice, my warnings take,
Shake off thy dead'ning slumbers, Spirit, wake!
Look now around thee dreamer, gaze, and say
What doth thou see worth all thy fond delay?

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

Oh ! there is beauty in green earth's abode,
In her deep vallies where no foot hath trod,
Save the lone wanderer, who can rejoice
To listen only to the wild bird's voice ;
There is deep pleasure in the woodland shade,
There is soft music by the clear brook made,
There's beauty in the flowers, the insect thing
That stretches to the breeze its tiny wing :
There is wild magic in Old Ocean's roar,
When his mad waves fall rudely on the shore ;
There's gentle soothing when the evening tide,
Comes rippling soft, as if a Spirit sighed ;
There's majesty upon the midnight sky
When moon and stars together reign on high ;—
Oh ! beauty is above me and around,
Surely, I linger safe where she is found !

CONSCIENCE.

Alas ! alas ! these will away, and I
Can tell that Earth will fade, her flowers will die,
Her beauties all will languish and decay,
Her light and splendour are but for a day ;
And where her haunts are now so fresh and green,
Ere morn, may traces of a wreck be seen :

Storms shall o'erturn and whirlwinds tear and spoil,
And blights shall with'ring, mock thy care and toil ;
Earth will not last, thou must not linger here,
Haste thee, thy home is in another sphere.

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

But Earth hath love amid her beauteous ones,
With her fair daughters, and her lordly sons !
Fond looks, and words to soft affection dear,
Young forms of life and light dwell with me here ;
And there is one, a lovely one, who strays
With me in woods at even, when the rays
Of the declining sun enrich the trees
With golden gifts at parting,—lists the breeze,
Mix its wild music with the lonely bird,
Who in that heart-felt hour, is nightly heard,
Gushing her soul in song ; and there are spells,
Pour'd forth from minstrel hearts, as from deep wells
Of inspiration ;—Oh ! this world *is* fair,
Fair, in her gifts, her riches, and 'tis there
I love, and am beloved ! call not my heart
From all its clinging tenderness to part.

CONSCIENCE.

Oh ! hush thee, vain one ! hush thee ! where is now
The deep remembrance of thine early vow ?

Where are the hopes, the promises, the tears
That mingled with thy dreams of future years ?
Pause thee once more, and listen while I speak,
To one infirm of purpose, wayward, weak ;
List to the tale I've told thee oft before,
Hear, while thou may'st, soon time may be no more.
Spirit ! beyond this region is a home,
Where only God's redeeméd ones can come ;
A land more bright, more glorious, than the eye
Of man e'er saw ; that dwelling is on high :
No blights e'er enter that thrice blessed abode,
No tears e'er fall, nor sorrow's heavy load,
Oppress the heart-worn ; all is life and joy,
That nought can ever weaken or destroy.
Spirit ! the Great, the Holy One ! who dwells
Within the land of which my tongue now tells,
That Being is thy King ; and thou hast sworn
Thyself his subject ; in life's early morn
Thou brought to him thyself, thy love, thy all,
In his own cause to fight, to stand, or fall ;
Thou gav'st him then thy heart ; oh ! pause thee, now,
Art thou his soldier still ?—hast kept thy vow ?

SPIRIT OF YOUTH.

But He too gave me earth ! say, warner, say,
Is it not He who gives the laughing day ?

Does He not live in Spring's delicious sky,
Pass not His whispers in the breezes by ?
Breathes He not Life and Love upon the whole ?
Is it not His pure beauty that my soul
Lives and delights in ? Let me, let me love
The links of that bright chain which He hath wove ?

CONSCIENCE.

Love them ! oh, yes ! but give them not thy heart,
When all must one day from thy gaze depart ;
And if earth roll'd for ever on her course,
Would'st thou, too, live ? Will she be the source
Of all thy bliss, thy pleasure, when the grave
Enwraps thee ? Can her witchery save
One of thy loved ones ? Is the tale not true,
That they are strangers, thou, a pilgrim too ?
Oh ! hear me, Spirit, hear me,—let the thrill
Of deep affection bless thy fond heart still ;
Hoard up bright treasures for thy yearning soul,
But let them not be earth's, nor earth thy goal ;
She cannot fill the void, the aching void,
That stays amidst her gifts, and hath destroy'd
Their beauty and their joy ; she *will* forsake,
Throw off her chains then, loit'rer, and awake !

THE MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN.

“ Oh ! the joy,
The deep, deep happiness,—though earth’s alloy,
Fear that still bodes, be there,—of pouring forth
The heart’s whole power of love, its wealth and worth,
On something all its own ! ”

MRS. HEMANS.

Thou art most beautiful ! how my very soul
Dwells on thy features, while across me roll
The deep warm gushings of a mother’s heart,
In that pure love which hath no counterpart ;
No passion e’er its pow’r so full hath shewn
Like this I feel for thee, my boy, my own !

Fair are thy features, bright one ! doubly dear,
For shadowing back his picture, who, if near,
Would bless thee as thou liest in dreamless sleep,
And bid thee, 'mong thy choicest treasures, keep
Thy mother's image, bid thee not destroy
The hopes that dwell around thy life, my boy !

And Hope in all its brightness hangs around
Thy cradle-bed, my gentle one ! No sound
But that of love, of blessing, fervent, deep,
Hath yet e'er greeted thee ; and o'er thy sleep
Thy mother oft hath breath'd her pray'r, that love
From Him who gave thee, light from Heav'n above,
May shine around the course thou hast to run,
And guide thee on thy heav'nward path, my son !

Yet, still, while vainly shadowing forth the tale,
That future years shall tell—athwart the veil
That Mercy flings before it, earthborn Fear
Will, with its bodings, bring a starting tear ;
Will, while I look upon thy guileless brow
Whisper that others, innocent as thou,
Have liv'd and fall'n ! Oh, not to thee be known
Guilt or its paths, mine innocent, mine own !

In other days, in years that are to come,
When life's stern duties call thee from thy home ;
When on thy father's manly brow appears
The hoary traces of long, long, past years,

And when thy mother bends with feeble age,
Say, wilt thou then forget thy life's first page ?
Forget the love that centered *all* in thee ?—
Thou, thou forget ! Oh ! no, it cannot be !
That smile upon thy wak'ning face repels
The fearful thought, and other language tells,—
Blessings rest on thee ! happiness unknown !
Mine, mine thou art, my gentle one, mine own !

SHADOWS.

"The most beautiful things in life are but shadows."—CHARLES DICKENS.

Shadows !

O'er the distant hills they sweep,
O'er the blue and heaving deep,
Down the vale, across the glen,—
Vanishing as swift again.

Shadows !

O'er life's sunny path they fall,
Dark and heavy as a pall,
Dimming flowers we fain would cull,
Driving hence the beautiful.

Shadows !

To the lover's whisper'd vow,
Now the heart its strength doth bow,
Now, it walleth at the doom
Of love laid silent in the tomb.

Shadows !

Guilelessness of infancy
Round our path so sweet to see,
Where is it as the years flee by ?
Ask of the world, and hear it sigh !

Oh Time ! Oh Life ! your yearnings bring,
Scarce, save vain imaginings,
But when we have your boundary past,
And clouds ye gather lower their last,
With holy rapture we shall see
How shadowless Eternity !

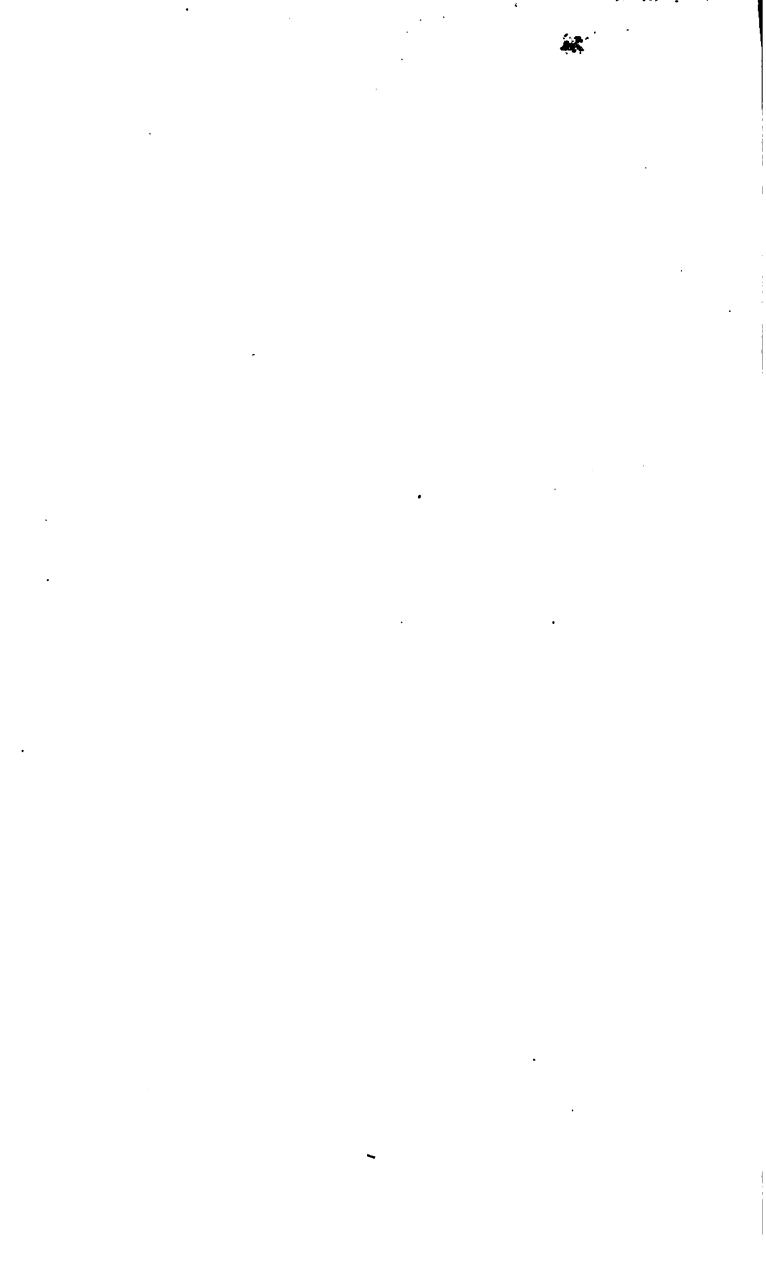
SONG.

WRITTEN TO MUSIC.

If to think of thee hourly
With love's deepest feeling,
To pray that earth's brightest
May gladden thy lot ;
To cherish thy name
Tho' my passion concealing,
If this is forgetting,
Then thou art forgot !

If to find night by night
Thy dear form in my slumbers,
In vain seek the place
Where thy image is not,
To breathe my fond praise
In a poet's wild numbers,
If this is forgetting,
Then thou art forgot !

SACRED PIECES.



MISÉRÈRE.

Misérère ! Listen, Lord,
To thy creatures grace accord ;
Hear, oh hear, our humble plea,
Misérère Domine !

Our virtue passed by as the wind,
Against Thee deeply have we sinn'd,—
In contriteness, we bend the knee,
Misérère Domine !

Dark thy judgments o'er us bend,
Far away is lover, friend,—
Only wrath and woe we see,
Misérère Domine !

Yet forgive for Jesus' sake,
Let His death atonement make,
Set the captive sinner free,
Misérère Domine !

No costly off'ring we do bring
To lay before Thee,—Heavenly King,
We come in our extremity,
Miserére Domine !

A broken heart, a weary soul,
We bring to Thee,—oh ! make us whole,
Cleanse us, for impure are we,
Miserére Domine !

Miserére ! By Thy Son !
Death o'ermaster'd, vict'ry won ;
By Thy promise, by Thy Word,
View our grief, our misery, Lord,
Hear ! tho' deep in guilt we be,
Miserére Domine ?

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT.

Send forth thy breathings, Spirit! send them now,
While thus in solitude, I humbly bow
My soul unto Thee; let thy whisperings tell
Of things on high, where only ever dwell
Pure holiness and peace; raise, raise my soul
To know in part thy essence,—its pure whole
I may not penetrate;—but do thou distill
Thy gentle influence on my stubborn will,
While with my heart I commune, and am still.

Send forth thy breathings, Spirit! let them come,
Like Heaven's own dews, in silence, and with some
Of Heaven's own purity; oh! send them forth
Upon my soul, altho' so little worth
It be thy guidance,—yet Thou Holy One,
One with the Father and the blessed Son,
Thou never yet hast turned away thine ear,
Nor left unnoticed a poor suppliant's tear,
Then now vouchsafe thy mercy, Spirit, hear!

Send forth thy breathings, Spirit ! let them guide
My heart in safety through strong passion's tide ;
Send forth thy breathings ! let them inly burn
In rapt'rous elevation,—be the urn
From whence, as gushings from a fountain pure,
Thy strength and power may nerve me to endure
Earth's weariness and woe ; whatever pain
My being's end requires me to sustain,
Shall cause no murmur if Thou still remain.

Send forth thy breathings, Spirit ! Triune God !
And guard me in the path that all have trod,
And all must tread ; that dark and gloomy vale,
Where hope shall languish, and " desire shall fail,"
Where the bright " silver cord " shall loosened be,—
What then can comfort, if I have not Thee ?
Jehovah, Son, and Spirit ! Oh ! do Thou
In mercy hear me while I lowly bow,—
Send forth thy breathings, Spirit ! send them now !

NOTES.



NOTES.

NOTE 1.—PAGE 57.

Nymphaea Alba.

The White Water Lily may be called the most beautiful of all our native flowers ; its magnificent corolla of pure white, supported by broad green leaves, floating on the still surface of an inland stream, breaking in among the flags and rushes with their uplifted spears, as it were, to form a hedge of protection to it, is truly a lovely sight. It is only for a few hours in the day that this beautiful aquatic opens its petals, and after closing them, it either reclines on, or sinks below the surface of the water.

“ Those virgin lilies all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh, more bright,
When their beloved sun's awake.” MOORE.

In Egypt this flower was dedicated to the moon, and was considered emblematical of Purity and Chastity. The Priestesses wore them wreathed in their hair on festivals. The Lotus of India, so entwined in Oriental Literature, is a flower of this tribe.

NOTE 2.—PAGE 59.

Scabiosa Arvensis.

The Wild, or Field Scabious. The flowers of this plant are of various colours, sometimes white, but more generally of a pale lavender, approaching to blue. It grows in pastures and corn-fields in great profusion in July and August; its delicate appearance, with a very slight bend at the top of the stalk, has caused it to be thus noticed :—"It softelie droopes its head, as if it had a sad memerie."

NOTE 3.—PAGE 61

Spartium Scoparium.

The Common Broom, anciently called *Planta Genista*, "and under that name possesses much historical interest." By Gefroi, Duke of Anjou, father of Henry II. of England, it was worn as a crest, or as an old writer expresses it, "he wore a broom stalk in his bonnet." This circumstance gave the name "*Plantagenet*" to the princes of his royal house, "who all bore it, from Henry, the first royal sprig of *Genista*, down to Richard III the last degenerate scion of the house of Anjou."

"The Broom is now the badge of the Highland clan, Forbes."—*Baxter's British Flowering Plants.*

NOTE 4.—PAGE 63.

Viola Tricolor.

The *Viola* of Botanists, the Pansy of Horticulturists, and the bright and bonny Heartsease of gladsome children. Like most of the old names given to flowers, it is an appropriate one, for, whether met with on the moor or the dingle, by the dusty road, or the cottage door, it has ever the same welcome look of gay cheerfulness,—

I bear within me the charmed gift
Of cheerful hopes and thought;
Enduring trust and meek content,
Me, hath my Maker taught.

NOTE 5.—PAGE 66.

Hypericum Perforatum.

The name of St. John, given to this flower, is probably the reason of its being distinguished as the representative of "Sanctity," besides this, it has always been considered a "Plant of Power," in forestalling the good or bad fortune in marriage of those who dived into such secrets, in the "expulsion of demons," and the "hindering witches of their will." The word *Hypericum*, according to Dr. Withering, being derived from two Greek words, signifying power against a spirit.

NOTE 6.—PAGE 68.

Cérusus Laurocérusus.

The bright and shining leaves of this shrub are a fitting representative of the glitter accompanying Glory and Fame: the springing of its young leaves before the old have dropped from its boughs, thus earning for it the name of evergreen, may also signify one generation rising up to continue the plaudits bestowed by the receding one. How far the remainder of the parallel may hold good, must be left to those whose brows have worn the laurel crown.

NOTE 7.—PAGE 71.

Gomphrena Amaranthaceæ.

One of the flowers used to deck the dead, to hang in garlands upon their grave.

“The Globe Amaranth is supposed to be the Amaranth of the Poets, which from the durability of its flowers, was considered the emblem of Immortality. It seems to have been used at funerals in the time of Homer, as he describes it as worn at the funeral of Achilles ; and it is still employed for the same purpose in various parts of the Continent.”

MRS. LOUDON.

NOTE 8.—PAGE 84.

Tunbridge Castle, in the county of Kent, one of the erections of the Norman Invader. All that now remains is a small portion of its outer wall, and the two towers of the gateway.

NOTE 9.—PAGE 93.

“With thy day and night.”

After the above was written, the Authoress became acquainted with a passage in the extraordinary poem of “Festus,” to which her own bears resemblance sufficient to inculcate her, without explanation, in the charge of Plagiarism.

“I looked and saw

Time on his two great wings—one night, one day.”

In the present volume day and night being the simplest division of time, presented themselves to the imagination of the writer as his attendants.

The Authoress owes this explanation as much to the gifted author of “Festus” as to herself.

NOTE 10.—PAGE 118.

The Cathedral of Caen, in Normandy, was built by William the Conqueror, who left directions at his death that his body should be there interred. His injunctions were obeyed, and when his tomb was prepared, and the train of knights, prelates, and nobles assembled to perform the funeral obsequies, a man stepped boldly to the grave and sternly forbade the interment. "Who art thou?" they inquired, "who thus rashly interferest, and wherefore dost thou challenge our right to lay the body of the king in his tomb, in the cathedral that he himself erected for the honour of God?" "I am Ascolinus Fitz Arthur," replied the man in fearless tones, "and I refuse you the right to lay the king's body in that grave, because the ground is *mine*. On this spot stood my father's dwelling,—here was the earth where I was reared: without law, without compensation of any kind, your king, William the Bastard, took possession of my father's house;—he tore down the roof—he levelled the walls—he affected to consecrate it to God—shall God accept robbery for sacrifice?—accursed be the hand that despoiled the poor man's home—ye shall not lay his bones to moulder here, for the grave is *mine*."

Great, say the old chroniclers, was the amazement of baron and priest at this denunciation of Fitz Arthur; they were seized with a superstitious dread, and thought not of resisting the man's command. Finally, by fair words and a large payment of money, they obtained his leave to lay William in this grave, but the incident was thought ominous, and prophetic of the judgments that would fall on his descendants for his many deeds of rapine and violence."—"*Heirs Apparent*," in *Bradshaw's Journal*, By MRS. H. C. CADDICK.

NOTE 11.—PAGE 154.

"The weary, the fainting, the dying, call not for Burgundy or Champagne, or Tokay; the longing of their heart, the hope of their recovery, or the alleviation of their anguish, is 'Water!'—Water clear from the fountain, or fresh from the cistern. When cold sweat bedews the temples of the monarch—when artery and vein have forsaken each other and the curling fluid is breeding corruption,—when the currentless throat begins to be choked up by its own refuse—when the angel of death stands ready to loosen the 'silver cord,' and 'break the wheel at the cistern,' and the 'pitcher at the fountain!' What then recks the monarch for his state and his diadem? Cast aside that sceptre, it is a bauble; doff that crown, it is nothing; rend away the velvet and tinsel, they are trash; remove that coverlid of satin, it is a burden;—give him the fresh air of Heaven, —the first draught of nature that he drew,—so that the king may die easily, and in peace; free the monarch of all the trappings of his grandeur, so that the spirit of the man may mount in triumph to its God!"—*Abridged from "Mudie's Guide to the Observation of Nature."*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE FIRST EDITION.

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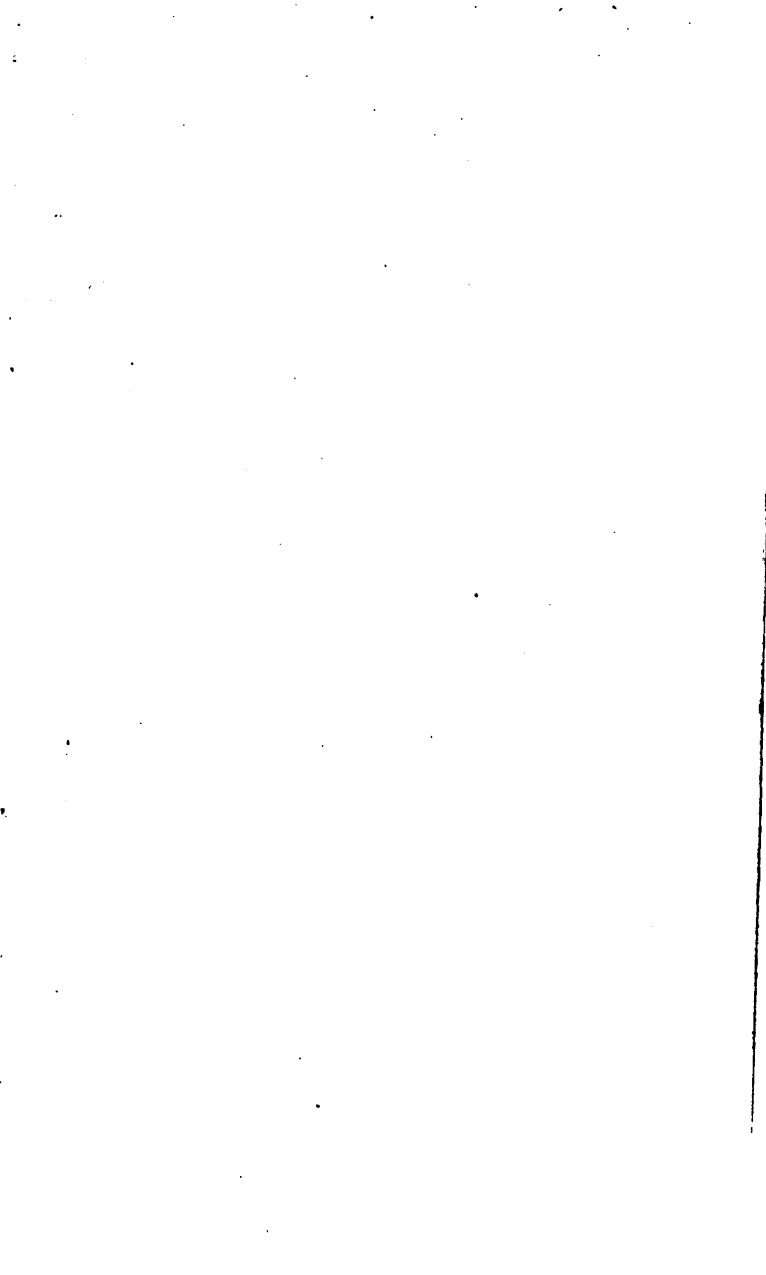
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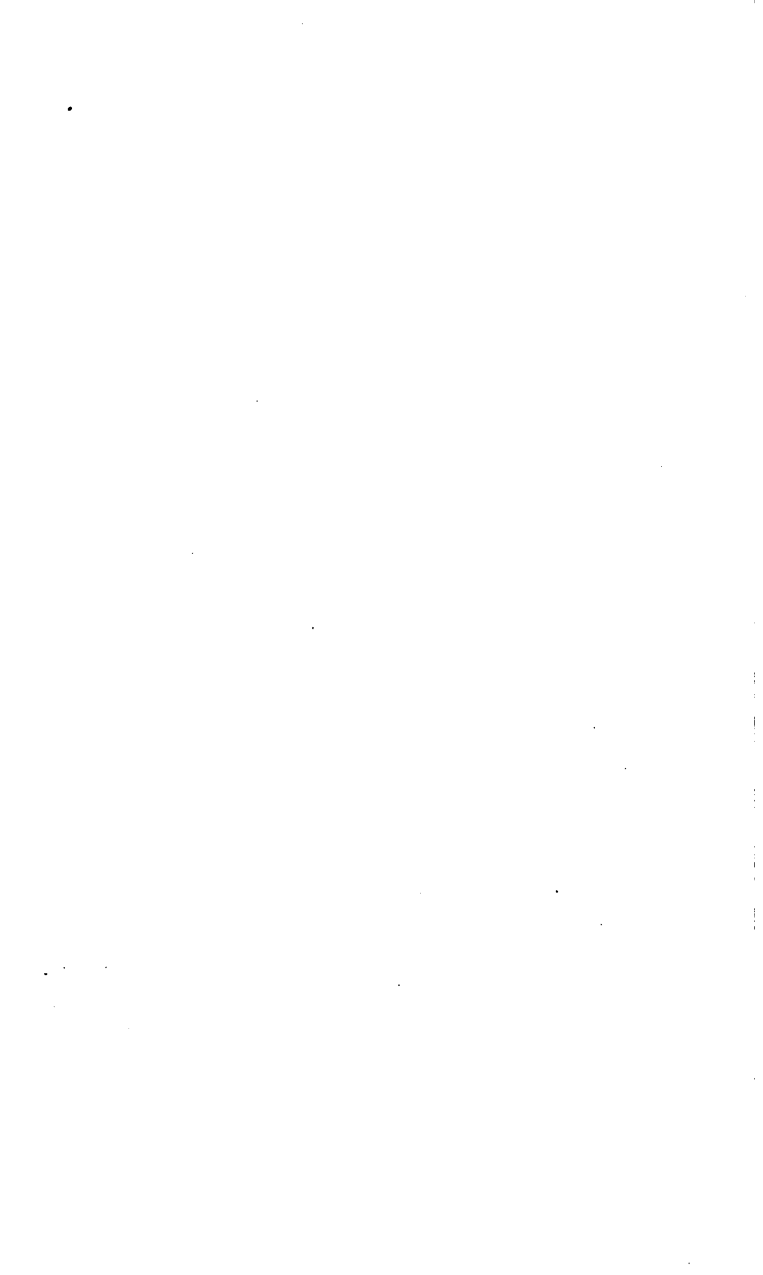
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"The poetical compositions in which the author has embodied her thoughts are evidently emanations of a pious and elegant mind. They have, indeed, as is inti-

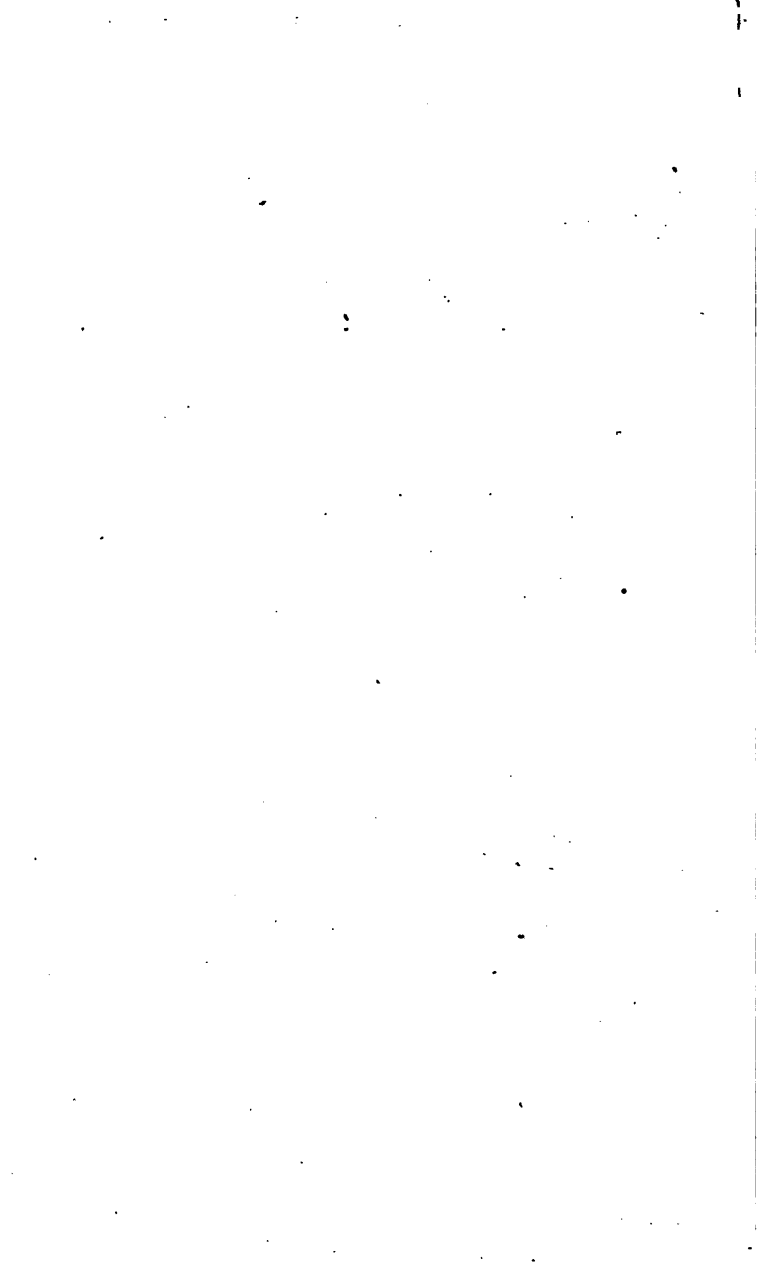
mated in the Preface, no pretension, but they have much more real beauty, than many poems to which that praise cannot justly be awarded."—*Christian Mother's Magazine*, June, 1844.

Favourable notices were also given of the work by the '*Manchester Guardian*,' the '*Spectator*,' and others.









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